

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 804



APRIL 25, 1885

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THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND—THE DRAWING-ROOM AT DUBLIN CASTLE, APRIL 9
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY F. HALL

Topics of the Week

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.—Towards the end of last week there was a general belief that England and Russia were about to arrive at an understanding. Yet nothing that Mr. Gladstone had said afforded the slightest evidence in favour of this sanguine view. On the contrary, his marked reticence in answering questions addressed to him in the House of Commons seemed to indicate that he had grave doubts whether a peaceful settlement was possible. Now no one would be much surprised to learn that war had become inevitable. That General Komaroff's attack on the Afghans was unprovoked Sir Peter Lumsden has proved; and this fact, unfortunately, accords ill with the pacific professions of Russian diplomatists. It is in perfect keeping with all that we know of the action of Russia in other respects. Her preparations for a conflict are even more formidable than our own, and it is understood that she has resolutely declined to make any important concessions, although Mr. Gladstone's Government are sincerely anxious to consider in a friendly spirit every demand which is not incompatible with the honour and the vital interests of their country. The truth appears to be that Russia thinks she has a good opportunity of making way in Afghanistan, and has resolved to push on to Herat as soon as she is quite ready. It is certain that there is a powerful war party in the army, and it is anything but certain that if there is really a peace party at Court it will be able to exercise much influence on the course of events. Should it become clear that Herat is threatened, the English Government will receive the support of all parties in taking up the Russian challenge, for then there will not be even the shadow of an excuse for the pretence that our rival has no desire to interfere with our possession of India. Such a war would no doubt severely strain our resources; but it ought not to be assumed that the enemy would be beyond our reach in Europe. Almost all Continental Liberals—with the exception, perhaps, of some French Republicans—would sympathise with England; and we may be sure that they would steadily resist any attempt on the part of their Governments to hamper us by insisting on the closing of the Dardanelles.

OUR NAVAL STRENGTH.—Making due allowance for the exaggerations in which the alarmist school are wont to indulge, enough came out during the discussion on the Navy Estimates to justify serious misgiving. The representatives of the Admiralty did not attempt to gainsay some of the most damaging statements, nor can it be said that Sir Thomas Brassey and Mr. Caine succeeded in their effort to prove that Britannia is not lagging behind in the race for maritime supremacy. It is not that she has yet lost her pride of place, but other nations are catching her up fast, and that is a state of things which requires to be rectified, let the cost be what it may. Some of the instances of mismanagement mentioned during the debate seem almost incredible. Sir John Hay stated that our finest ironclad, the *Inflexible*, has been cruising about for the last four years with one of her 81-ton guns totally disabled. As she only carries four of these monsters, her disability was practically the same as if one of the old 120-gun first-rates had been deprived of thirty guns. Nor would the damaged piece have been replaced even now, had it not been for the imminence of war with Russia. Two other splendid ironclads, the *Colossus* and the *Edinburgh*, are alleged to have only one set of guns between them, like the two brothers who, being the possessors of only one suit of clothes, took it turn and turn about to lie in bed. Equally serious were the allegations of Sir Donald Currie and Mr. Norwood, who, putting aside party allegiance for the moment, spoke out their minds with commendable candour. In truth, the matter is not a party one, the Conservatives being as much responsible for what is amiss as their successors in office. It is the country that must bear the blame, for not making stronger insistence on a liberal, nay, a generous naval expenditure during the piping times of peace. The estimates are then cut down to starvation point to enable the Chancellor of the Exchequer to show a saving of a few thousands of pounds in this branch of national expenditure. That did not matter so much in the olden time, but, now, when it takes five years to build a first-class ironclad, we cannot afford to be penny wise and pound foolish until war breaks out.

DEMOCRACIES AND DEPENDENCIES.—In his excellent little book on the Russo-Afghan Question, Colonel Malletson tells a story which at the present time deserves to be widely circulated. Four years ago, when the question of the retention of Kandahar was being debated in Parliament, a member of the House of Commons told Colonel Malletson that his (the colonel's) arguments had completely convinced him that Kandahar ought to be retained; but that, if he were to vote for its retention, he should imperil his seat at the next election; and that therefore he should give his voice in favour of its abandonment. He added that there were at least fifty, probably seventy or eighty, Liberal members whose votes for the same reason would not represent their real convictions. There is unfortunately nothing very exceptional about this anecdote, for the same process has been gone through about

other matters besides Kandahar. But a very important inference may be deduced from it. If the comparatively well-educated and well-informed men who are entrusted with the conduct of public affairs are to wait for what is supposed to be the expression of the *vox populi* before shaping their policy, it will be almost impossible to govern dependencies at all. To carry on such government properly requires a knowledge of various complicated questions such as is not acquired in a moment. How many of the electors, for example, have either the leisure or the capacity to investigate the history of our relations with Afghanistan? Yet, without such knowledge, the opinion of an elector is of very little value. In actual fact, the bulk of the electorate, being chiefly interested in domestic topics, are content to leave the conduct of foreign and colonial affairs in the hands of the Prime Minister. If the Prime Minister were a permanent official, our foreign policy might at least bear the stamp of consistency, but unfortunately Ministries fall, and their successors have plans of their own. The result is perpetual vacillation and uncertainty. The evils wrought by the successive Ministerial changes at home are forcibly exemplified by the story of our relations with Afghanistan since the accession of Lord Mayo as Viceroy. It would have been far better either to have annexed the country boldly, or never to have laid a finger on it. As it is, we have squandered millions of money and thousands of lives, with the result that the Afghan people form a most untrustworthy barrier against Russian encroachments.

ENGLAND AND THE SOUDAN.—In their statement with regard to the Vote of Credit on Tuesday Mr. Gladstone and Lord Granville indicated pretty plainly that the war in the Soudan may be considered at an end. As all our available forces may soon be needed for a struggle of a very different kind, no one is much disposed to blame the action of the Government in this matter; and most people would have cordially approved of it even if our relations with Russia had been perfectly satisfactory. For there is really no excuse for the continuance of this wretched war. Had the Government resolved to put down anarchy in the Soudan, they might with a good conscience have ordered an advance on Khartoum; for we have taken from the Soudanese the only system of administration they possessed, and those of them who disliked the Mahd might have fairly called upon us to provide them with settled institutions. But the Ministry have never pledged themselves to do anything even for those who have helped us in the Soudan; and the chances seem to be that, if they had smashed the Mahdi, they would immediately have withdrawn our troops, and left the country to the tender mercies of the slave-traders. It is far better that we should retire now, when we can do so without incurring any more "bloodguiltiness." But it may still be hoped that the Suakim-Berber Railway will be completed; for, in the end, that would do infinitely more for the Soudanese than could be accomplished by any number of soldiers or civil officials. It would open the country to legitimate commerce, and we might fairly expect to hear, by and by, that it had destroyed the slave-trade at its source.

THE ATTACK ON PENJDEH.—Reticent as the Government have been about the "unhappy incident," few Englishmen can any longer doubt that General Komaroff made up his mind to capture the place, all diplomatic "arrangements" to the contrary notwithstanding. So long as it remained in Afghan possession, his strategical position was essentially weak, being open to attack at any time on its weakest flank. Not only that, either, but the possession of Penjdeh and Ak Tepè would enable the Russians to advance on Maimene from a strong base, thus placing them in a position to give a helping hand should an expedition be sent across the Oxus to reduce Balkh and seize the Bamian Pass. In fine, an immense initial advantage was to be gained by disobeying orders, and General Komaroff succumbed to the temptation as General Tcherniaeff did when he captured Tashkend. Had failure attended the effort, it would have been at once disowned by the Russian Government, and General Komaroff might have said good-bye to any chance of future employment. Knowing this, he took good care to make assurance doubly sure by attacking the Afghans in overwhelming force. The relative strength of the attack and defence can only be conjectured, but from the fact that General Komaroff was able, some days before the fight, to detach a contingent of 3,000 men to occupy an advanced position, it seems pretty clear that he must have had at least twice the number at his disposal; probably a great many more. The Afghan muster, on the other hand, cannot well have exceeded 3,000 men, ill-disciplined, ill-armed, and almost destitute of artillery. The so-called "victory," therefore, reflected very little credit on the Russian arms, being indeed somewhat akin to a massacre.

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE IN INDIA AND MALTA.—M. Molinari, in his recent disquisition on India, says:—"The English have introduced into India European progress, but they have not been amiable as masters. All travellers give evidence of their contemptuous bearing towards the natives, even of the highest caste." This is an unpleasant indictment, and it is all the more unpleasant because it is to some extent true. There is, of course, something to be said on the other side. The natives themselves are not very approachable.

They hide their real feelings under a shroud of reserve, and the regulations of caste render social intercourse difficult. Nevertheless, those who visit the French settlements at Pondicherry and Chandernagore must admit that our friends across the Channel possess the art of getting closer to the natives than we have managed to get. They are less stiff in their manners, and they are more ready to adopt native ways. *Apropos* of this question, it is worth while to glance at a little debate which took place in the House of Lords on Monday evening, when Lord Sidmouth brought forward some Maltese grievances. Part of the discussion referred to the *status* occupied by the native nobility of Malta, which may seem a matter of purely local interest, but a different light was thrown upon it by a speech which the Duke of Edinburgh delivered. We remember being ourselves surprised to learn, during a visit to Malta some thirty years ago, how very little intercourse existed between the English residents (who are mostly connected with the naval and military services) and the native gentry. It is evident from the Duke's outspoken address that matters are scarcely any better now. The English will not admit the Maltese gentlemen to their club, which, says H.R.H. boldly, is "the greatest possible mistake, and a great injustice to those high-minded Maltese gentlemen who are so anxious to become members there." When Royalty speaks, the most stiff-necked British snob is wont to become subservient. We hope it may be so in this instance, for this lack of adaptability tends to weaken the cohesion of the widely-divided fractions which make up the British Empire.

THE "BOSPHORE EGYPTIEN."—There is not much chance that the difficulty about the *Bosphore Egyptien* will lead to serious trouble, for it seems that in this matter the Egyptian Government acted wholly on their own responsibility. The fuss which has been made in Paris about the affair, however, is not without significance; for there can be little doubt that the object of the French Government in bullying Nubar Pasha is to give annoyance to England. France is still unable to forgive us for what we have done in Egypt, although she knows that she might have shared our responsibilities and advantages (if we have any advantages in Egypt), had she chosen to make use of her opportunities at the proper time. Her hostility is not likely to be soon overcome; and if there is to be war between England and Russia, we may expect to find many new obstacles thrown in our way in the Delta. As for the suppression of the *Bosphore Egyptien*, there appears to have been some irregularity in the manner in which it was effected; and, on the whole, it is to be regretted that the paper, notwithstanding its bitterness and unfairness, was not left alone. Nubar Pasha has good reason to dislike it, for it attacked him incessantly; and English officials were no doubt annoyed by its persistent misrepresentations. But we do not believe that it could have done much serious harm if the policy of England in Egypt had been wise and vigorous. Any influence it possessed was due to the bad impression produced by our strange blunders. Natives who are hostile to us are sure to think that it was really Sir Evelyn Baring who ordered the offending print to be put down; and the only conclusion they are likely to draw is that he is very much afraid of them.

AN INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—Whatever may be thought of the practicability of the "Small Farm and Labourers' Holding Company," men of all parties and creeds can afford to wish it success. It constitutes the first attempt on a large scale to solve the question as to whether *petite culture* can be made to pay in England. The conditions of agriculture are so vastly different here from what they are on the Continent, that no safe conclusion can be reached for our guidance from either the success or the failure of the system outside the United Kingdom. The promoters of the new undertaking, therefore, propose to set the question at rest by buying large estates and subdividing them to the extent which may best suit public requirements. The terms of payment will be so arranged that, after a given number of years, each tenant will become the proprietor of his holding in fee simple, without a furthering of encumbrance. This can be done, it is believed, without increasing the ordinary rental to any appreciable extent. Owing to the heavy fall in the value of land, and the large number of estates in the market, the company will start under very advantageous circumstances; and the fact that the Duke of Argyll, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Carnarvon, and Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay are amongst its supporters argues well for its financial resources. The *crux* will come when the country is visited, as happened not long ago, by three or four bad seasons in succession. Little men, living from hand to mouth, can hold up against ordinary misfortune by practising greater self-denial and more stringent economy in their households. But a series of blows generally breaks them past redemption, as all who have let out land in allotments know to their cost.

SINGLE LADIES AND MEN-SERVANTS.—By "single ladies" we here mean ladies, not necessarily unmarried, but living without any male relative or connection on the premises. We should be sorry to say a word against indoor men-servants, who, considering the trust which is reposed in them, and the great temptations to which they are thereby exposed, are, in the mass, a highly estimable body of men. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that a great crime shakes confidence, that

plant of proverbial slow growth. After the murder of Mr. Gold, people were shy of being alone with a single stranger in a railway compartment; foreign-born valets were at a discount for some time after Lord William Russell was murdered by Courvoisier; and, now that the Babbacombe tragedy has been so swiftly followed by the assassination of Madame Cornet in Paris, ladies living alone may well pause and hesitate before admitting a masculine domestic within their portals. Gentlemen may say: Why can't ladies be content with neat-handed Phillises? But ladies of tolerably easy fortune are well aware of the advantages of a man-servant. He can be sent out-of-doors on all sorts of errands, where the weather or other circumstances preclude the employment of the softer sex. Then—always presuming that he is not a Marchandon—it is a great relief to a lone lady at night to know that there is a male creature snoring within a few yards of her. Besides this, in every household there are various small jobs to be done, needing masculine strength or skill. In an Adamless ménage, a friendly baker's or greengrocer's man has to be invited in for such purposes, or the local carpenter is summoned, the small job in the latter case often expanding into a week of mess, tempered with cook-and-housemaid flitting. So it will be seen that ladies' men-servants have their uses.

LORD SALISBURY AT WREXHAM.—At Wrexham Lord Salisbury criticised the Ministry with characteristic vigour, but his denunciations do not seem to have produced much effect. The truth is that at the present crisis most Englishmen feel that, whatever may be their general political sympathies, they are bound to support the Government of the day, especially as that Government seems for once to be acting with proper decision. At the same time there can be no doubt that Lord Salisbury was right in blaming Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet for most of the troubles which are now causing so much anxiety. Lord Beaconsfield committed many mistakes, but while he was in power the Russians clearly understood that sentiment would not prevent England from exerting all her strength, if necessary, for the protection of her interests. Besides, he secured the goodwill of Germany and Austria without alienating France. Had his policy been maintained, therefore, it is incredible that Russia would have thought of forcing us into a quarrel. But Mr. Gladstone assumed office with the declared intention of reversing Lord Beaconsfield's policy, and he lost no time in carrying out his purpose. He gave bitter offence to the Central European Powers, wounded the susceptibilities of France, and by his blindness in South Africa and Egypt conveyed a general impression that England had lost the power and the determination which had in former times raised her to a great place among the nations of the world. It was not unnatural that a semi-barbarous Power like Russia should suppose the time had come for enriching herself at our expense. True, Mr. Gladstone had praised her magnanimity and courted her alliance; but his ostentatious friendship was valued by the Russian War Party only because it provided them with an unusually good opportunity of prosecuting their designs against us. We may still, perhaps, find some way of avoiding a struggle; but if we do, it is to be hoped that the lesson which Russia has been so roughly teaching us will not be forgotten by the Liberal Party. It should now be tolerably obvious that questions of foreign policy are at least as important as those of domestic policy, and that peace-at-any-price politicians do quite as much harm as Jingoes to the enduring interests of the nation.

RECENT GAS EXPLOSIONS.—Whatever may be the cause it is the unhappy fact that gas explosions are becoming both more frequent and more serious than used to be the case. In most recent accidents of the sort, public suspicion has placed the blame on the corrosion of the main until it was eaten through and so allowed the gas to escape. This explanation will not serve, however, in the case of the lamentable explosion which has just occurred at Rotherhithe. The main must needs have been new, for the street was still in an incomplete state, the roadway not even being open for traffic. We assume, of course, that when a gas company enters a new area, it uses new materials, and never any which have done duty until almost worn out in older or wealthier districts. It is evident, however, that whether the main was new or old, leakage must have been going on for some time. Not only was the whole front of the house where the explosion took place blown outwards into the street, but a mound of debris standing in the roadway caught fire owing to its being impregnated with gas, and blazed up to a height of thirty feet. This mound, by the way, is charged with being the cause of the mischief, by pressing unduly on the mainpipe, and thereby dislodging the props which supported it. However this may be, the escape evidently took place outside the premises, and the gas gradually worked its way alongside of the house pipe until direct communication was established between the basement and the leak. It is to be hoped that the most searching inquiry will be made into the cause of this untoward affair. Gas explosions do not yet come into the ever-enlarging category of "unavoidable accidents," and it is very much in the interest of the public to prevent their inclusion in that comfortable list.

"TUMBLING OVER THE MATTING."—As regards the case recently tried before Lord Coleridge, we must confess that our sympathies, so far as strict justice is concerned, are rather with the man who laid down the matting than with the man who fell over it. At the same time, we do not blame the jury for their verdict. There was an element of doubt in the case, and they preferred to favour the poor decrepit old Frenchman rather than the wealthy defendant, albeit the latter, as it seems to us, had made prompt and fairly reasonable reparation for an entirely unintended injury. We shall not venture to bandy points of law with the Lord Chief Justice, but does not Lord Coleridge speak rather too strongly when he says, "A man might if he pleased look up at the stars as he walked, and his doing so was not contributory negligence which would preclude him from recovering"? If this doctrine should be generally upheld by the judges, we may expect a plentiful crop of actions of the type of "De Teyron v. Waring." For if a man may thus walk with legal impunity star-gazing, we presume he may also so walk with his nose in the air in broad daylight; and if a number of impecunious persons, who will cheerfully endure a broken leg or rib for the sake of the swingeing damages to follow, take to perambulating the streets in such attitudes, brewers, builders, coal-merchants, and all persons who are in the habit of temporarily occupying the foot pavement will have to keep a bright look out. It seems to us that the foot-pavement belongs, not merely to those who make a thoroughfare of it, but to those whose houses abut on it. It is their contributions which make the pavement and keep it in repair, and they cannot, as a rule, get their coals in without causing a temporary dislocation of street-traffic. Neither can the publican get in his beer-barrels. Of course, it may be said that the rich man's matting is a pure piece of luxury. So it may be, but it should be remembered, on the other hand, that intense delight is afforded to the small crowd (chiefly of shabby-genteel women) which assembles on such occasions to see the smartly-dressed ladies pass to the ball or dinner-party. To sum up; if people will keep their eyes open, and will also bear in mind that what may be inconvenient for themselves may be a convenience to their neighbours, they will not suffer much injury or annoyance from these street obstructions.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "A SUCCESSFUL RAID," from the Picture by A. Wagner, in the Graphic Exhibition of Animal Paintings.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, Mr. HENRY IRVING. Mr. Irving begs to announce that, prior to the production at this theatre of "OLIVIA," by W. G. Wills, HAMLET, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, LOUIS XI., and THE BELLS will be performed. On SATURDAY, May 2, at a quarter to eight o'clock, will be presented, by the Lyceum Company, HAMLET. Hamlet, Mr. Henry Irving. Ophelia, Miss Ellen Terry. Five performances. SATURDAY, May 2, MONDAY, May 4, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. SATURDAY, May 4, MONDAY, May 6, THE BELLS. The Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) will be opened on Monday next, April 27, ten to five.

LYCEUM.—In consequence of numerous applications received by letter, Mr. Irving begs to say that seats for the Pit and Gallery cannot be booked by letter, but only by personal application at the Booking Office, in the Pit passage, beginning on Monday next, April 27th.—LYCEUM.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Mr. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING at 7.30. THE SILVER KING, by Henry A. Jones and Henry Herman, produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, Willard, Spakman, Cooper, Doone, Walton, Huntley, Fulton, Bernage, Gurth, De Solla, Foss, &c., and George Barrett; Mesdames Ormsby, Huntley, Dickens, Cook, &c., and Miss Eastlake. Doors open at 7. Box Office 50c till 5. No fees. Prices—Private Boxes, One to Nine Guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s.—Business Manager, Mr. J. H. COBBE.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.—Mrs. LANGTRY, Sole Proprietor, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Season under the direction of Mr. HENRY E. ABBEY. EVERY EVENING, at 8.30, the successful Play, in Four Acts, adapted from Sardou's "Nos Intimes," by B. C. Stephenson and Clement Scott, entitled PERIL. Characters by Mr. Coghlan, Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree, Mr. Everill, Mr. Carne, Mr. Crisp, Mr. Weathersby, Mr. Grattan, Mr. Thornbury; Mrs. Arthur Sterling, Miss Annie Rose, Miss Dacre, and MRS. LANGTRY. Doors open at Eight; PERIL at 8.30. Carriages at Eleven. Box Office open daily from Eleven till Five. No fees. Telephone 3,720. MATINEE OF PERIL, SATURDAY, April 25, at a quarter past two. Doors open at a quarter to two. Carriages at Five.—THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, COVENTRY STREET, W.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.—EVERY EVENING at SEVEN the immensely successful Drama, HOME ONCE MORE. Magnificent Scenery and Sensational Effects. Misses Grey, D'Almeida, Howe, Pettifer, Vivian; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Algernon Synes, Steadman, Drayton, Stephenson, Bigwood, Newbound, Reynolds, Lewis. INCIDENTS.—The Great G. W. Hunter, Brothers Matthews, Emmett's Wonderful Goats, including the Great Blondin Goat. Concluding with THE STREETS OF NEW YORK. THURSDAY and FRIDAY, April 23rd and 24th. Important Engagement of Millie Christine, the Two-Headed Nightingale and Harvey's Marvellous Midgets.

BRIGHTON THEATRE.—Proprietress and Manager, Mrs. H. NEE CHART.—ON MONDAY, April 27, Mrs. EDWARD SAKER and Miss FORTESCUE in PYGMALION and GALATEA.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY. EVERY NIGHT at EIGHT. MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and SATURDAYS, THREE and EIGHT. THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS. New Entertainment, produced for the first time on Easter Monday, proved a SIGNAL AND MOST COMPLETE TRIUMPH. Every member from beginning to end of the new programme having been honoured with the most flattering remarks of approval of the vast audiences, which filled the St. James's Great Hall to its utmost capacity. MRS. W. P. SWEATNAM, the distinguished American comedian and humorist, will appear, in conjunction with the already unrivalled body of comedians attached to this company. No fees of any description. Tickets and places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. Doors open at 2.30 and 7.30.

ST. JAMES'S HALL. LAST WEEK OF THE PRESENT ENGAGEMENT of that distinguished American Comedian, Mr. W. P. SWEATNAM, whose success has been without parallel since the advent of the late Edward L. Southern at the Haymarket Theatre, in "Lord Dundreary." See what the Times, Standard, Post, Advertiser, Daily News, Chronicle, Illustrated News, Lloyd's Weekly News, Era, News of the World, say of MR. SWEATNAM'S MARVELLOUS HUMOUR AND ABILITY AS A COMEDIAN.

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NEW ENGRAVINGS NOW ON VIEW. THE DAY OF RECKONING. S. E. WALLER. AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE. MARCUS STONE. PRIOR ATTACHMENT. MARCUS STONE. THE SISTER'S KISS. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. WEDDED. SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A. A LITTLE DUCHESS. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. FORBES ROBERTSON. THE POACHER. BRITON RIVIERE. LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. BRITON RIVIERE. FIRST WHISPER OF LOVE. L. ALMA TADEMA. PLEADING. L. ALMA TADEMA. &c., &c., &c. Engravings of above on sale at 21s. each. OFFER OF MARRIAGE and COMPANION, 31s. 6d. each. THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS. GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

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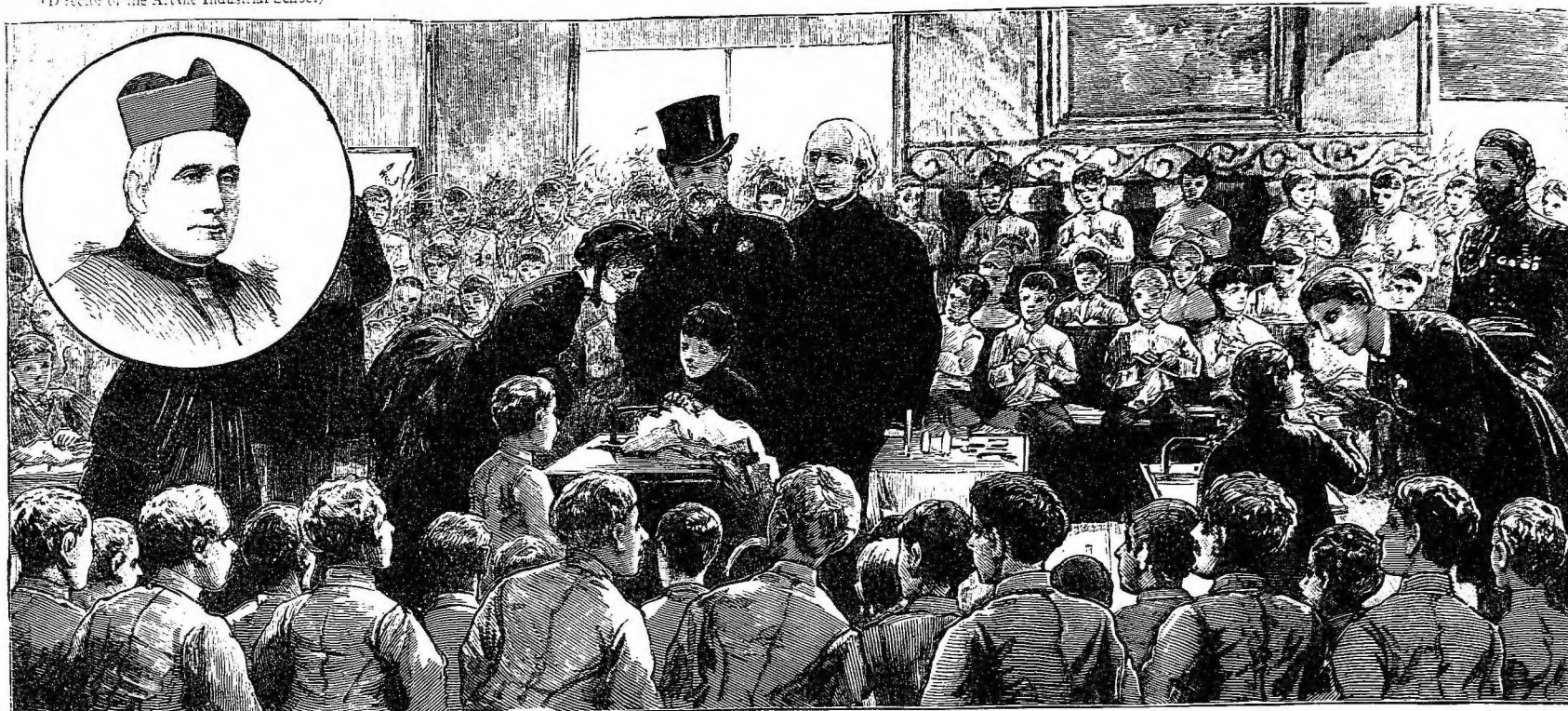
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Rev. Thomas A. Hoops.
(Director of the Artane Industrial School.)



THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE ARTANE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, APRIL 11

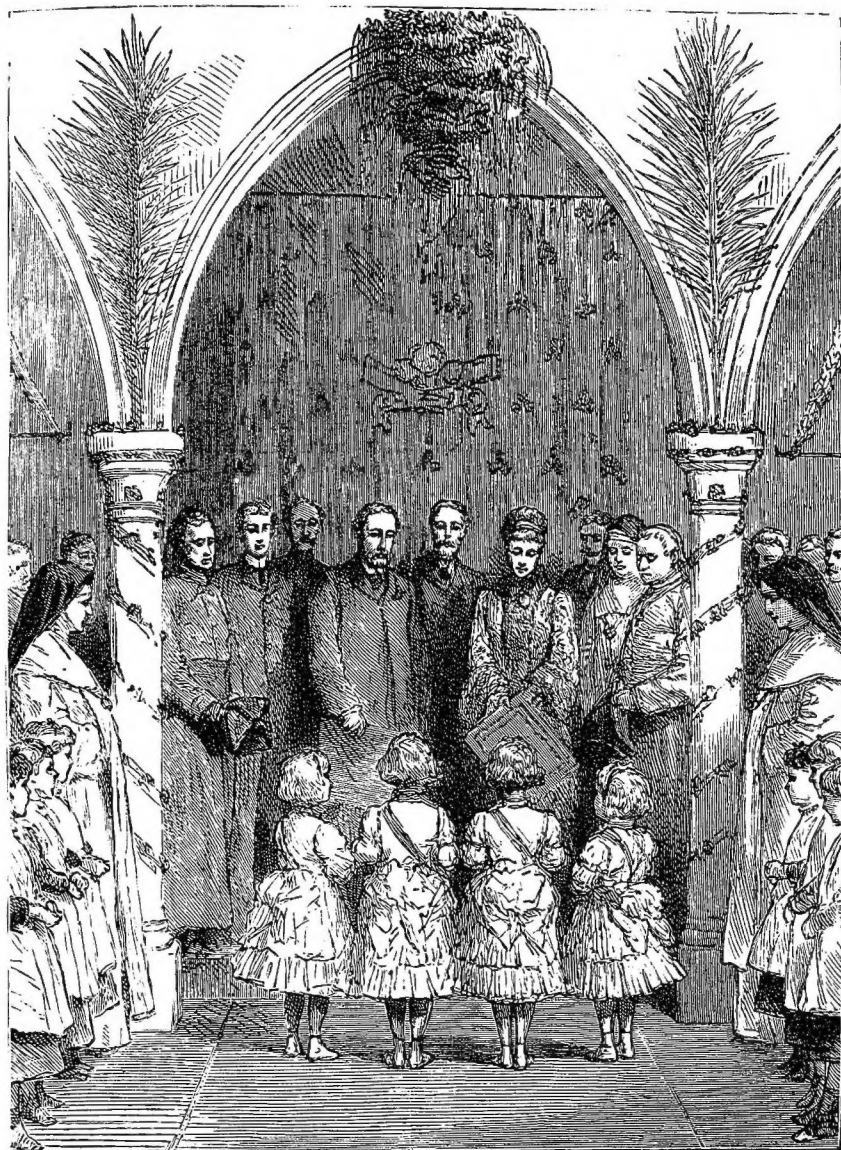


1. A Flag of Truce.—2. Desperate Loyalty of a Young Lady, who Waved a Red and White Flag in the Midst of a Field of Cattle.—3. "Kathleen Mavourneen."—4. Respectful Neutrality (He had to keep His Hands in His Pockets to Prevent Him Waving His Hat).—5. Departure from Ballyhooley for Convamore by Road.—6. "Neutrality be Hanged."

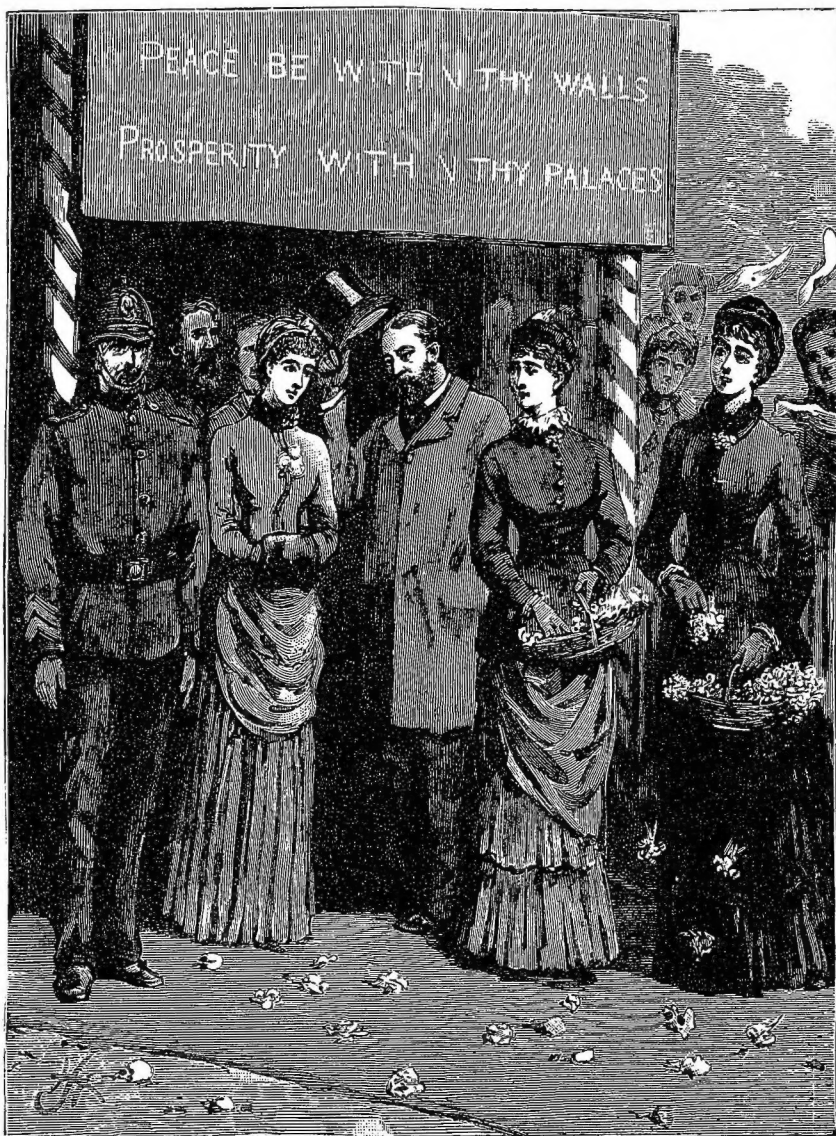
THE JOURNEY FROM DUBLIN TO LORD LISTOWEL'S SEAT AT CONVAMORE, APRIL 13

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

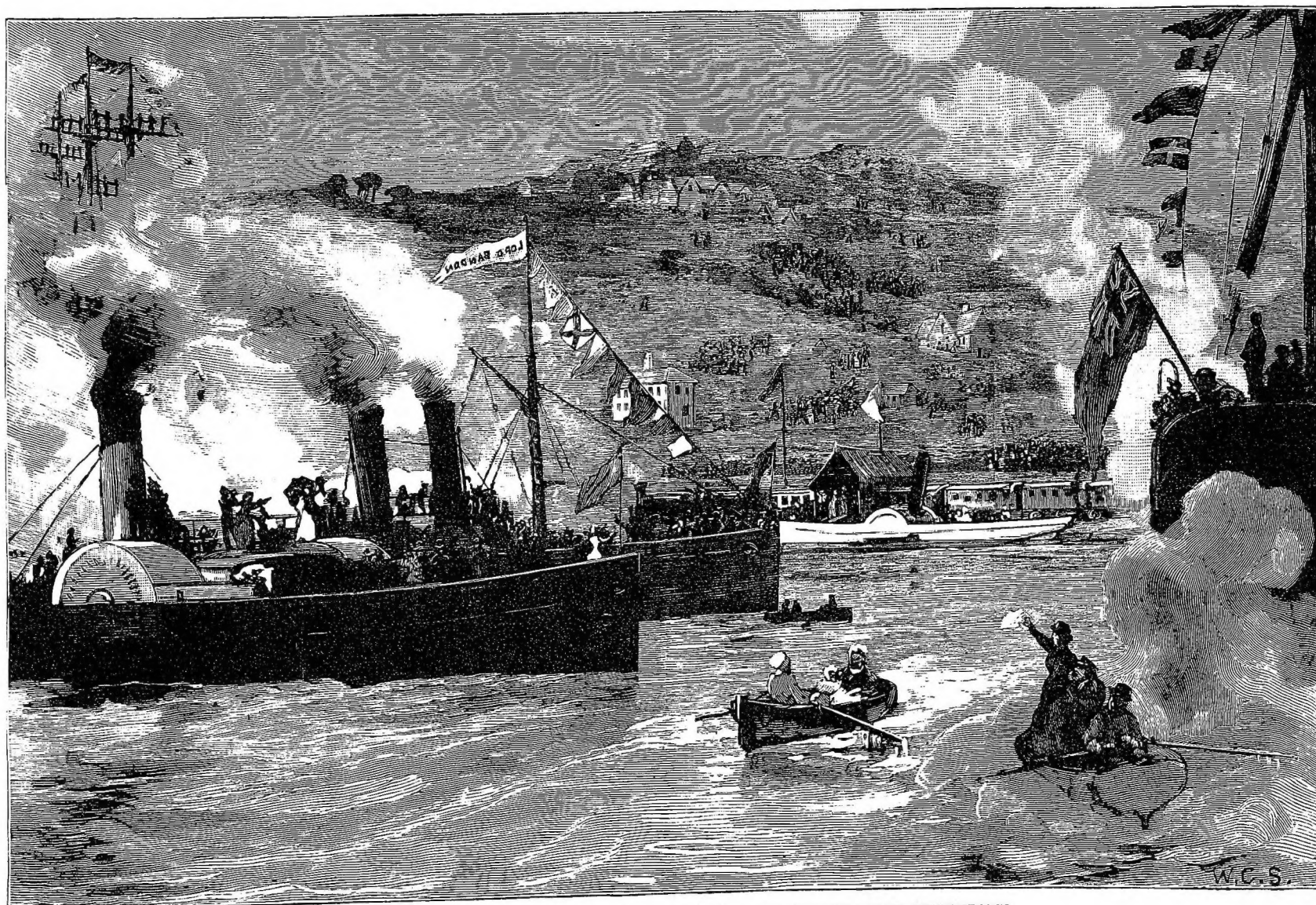
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY F. HALL



AT THE GOOD SHEPHERD'S CONVENT, CORK—CHILDREN PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES



STREWING DAFFODILS BEFORE THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT KILMEADON STATION



THE CLOSE OF THE VISIT TO CORK—DEPARTURE OF THE ROYAL PARTY FROM QUEENSTOWN

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

See page 403.

THE TROUBLES IN SOUTH AFRICA.—THE TRIAL OF NIEKERK

THE first proceedings of Sir Charles Warren on his arrival last February at Vryburg, Stellaland, were to proclaim military law and to arrest the ex-Administrator of Stellaland, Mr. Van Niekerk, for having ordered the murder of Mr. Honey. Mr. Van Niekerk appears to have played a very ambiguous part in the recent affairs in Stellaland. In April last he informed the Cape Legislative Assembly that he entirely approved of the petition for the annexation of Stellaland to Cape Colony, and subsequently appears to have worked for a time harmoniously with Mr. Mackenzie when the latter visited the district. When the latter left, however, Niekerk withdrew from Stellaland, refused to take the oath of allegiance, and openly joined the Transvaal party. Eventually, however, finding that he could not count upon any active assistance either from the Transvaal or the Orange Free State authorities, he accepted the Queen's authority, and on the arrival of Sir Charles Warren placed the resignation of his functions in his hands. He was then arrested on the charge of having, when Administrator, ordered Commandant Celliers to shoot Mr. James Honey in 1882. This unfortunate man had been one of the original volunteers who assisted Massouw in his war with Mankoroane, but when Stellaland was declared to be an independent Republic, Honey considered that he had been wronged in the apportionment of the farms, and tried to stir up Massouw against the little State. He was accordingly declared an outlaw, and being made prisoner, was taken into the Transvaal, where the authorities would have nothing to do with him. Honey was accordingly taken back, and shot in cold blood. Together with Niekerk was arrested Celliers, and both were at once taken before a Court of Preliminary Inquiry, formed of Mr. Müller, Landrost of Vryburg, and a civil tribunal, who have been making a lengthy investigation into the matter.—Our sketch is by Lieutenant Alfred Bethell, of Sir Charles Warren's Head-quarter Staff, who writes, "Niekerk is supposed to have issued the order to shoot Honey. Celliers gave his order to Jan Diedrichse Erland, and the latter shot Honey." Niekerk is defended by Mr. Advocate Hollard, of the Transvaal.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

THE FIGHT AT HASHEEN

TWO of Mr. Fripp's sketches illustrate the action at Hasheen on March 20th. He writes:—"On the hills round the encampment of Arabs at Hasheen the enemy were found, although apparently in no great force. The Cavalry waited about, watching the enemy on the stony hill which rises conspicuously over Hasheen, and where, it appeared, a stone zeriba, or schanze, to use a South African term, was being built. As soon as the Infantry arrived at Hasheen the Berkshire Regiment, supported by the Marines, were sent up the large hill, going up in splendid style in open order, quite astonishing the enemy by the rapidity of their advance. A rattling fire was poured in upon the enemy as we advanced towards the summit, occupied by Osman Digma's men, who, after attempting to return the fire, retired. The remainder of the large Infantry force was massed on the right of the hill—Indians in front; the Guards, in square, forming the rear. The left of the hill and the bush at its base was strongly occupied by the enemy, who were also posted on the hills nearer the mountains. Whilst this was going on in front, the 70th, and Madras Sappers and Miners, were hard at work building zeribas on three small hills rising out of the plain 2,000 yards in rear of the Guards' square. It was hoped the enemy would attack, and every effort was made to draw him on, but in vain. Once a body came across the face of our Guards' square, but after a little smart firing it disappeared.

"The troops in the rear having completed their redoubts, the Indian Brigade, the Berkshire, and Marines retired to them, and left the Guards in square to cover the retreat. The vedettes and look-out parties from the hills were drawn in, but before the Square had moved far a couple of hundred Arabs, armed with Remingtons, occupied the hills overlooking the square at short range, and opened a desultory fire, which, badly aimed as it was, caused us a loss of eighteen killed and wounded in a few minutes. Some of the enemy fired at us from the bush, but an occasional halt and brisk fire on the part of our troops put a stop to that annoyance. Altogether, we lost fifty men killed and wounded; the enemy possibly lost about one hundred. Not more than 2,000 of the Arabs were seen, though it has been said that a large force were watching their opportunity from the more distant hills, which we did not attempt to approach.

"The 70th, with two guns, were left to hold three small redoubts, each on the summit of a hill, with two Krupps, whilst the remainder of the force returned to camp.

IN BAKER'S ZERIBA—THE NIGHT AFTER THE ATTACK OF MARCH 22ND

"ALL night," writes Mr. Fripp, "we lay under arms. A portion of the men watched for two hours while the remainder slept amongst the debris and the baggage. Once an alarm was occasioned by some mules stampeding, and everybody was under arms in a second. A few hasty shots were fired which went over our heads, but the firing was quickly checked. I lay on a heap of great coats and kit bags with my head wrapped up in a handkerchief."

INSIDE BAKER'S ZERIBA—FIVE DAYS AFTER

"ANOTHER of my sketches," continues Mr. Fripp, "shows the interior of the zeriba five days after the fight. There are no tents for the men, who rig up their blankets and great coats into some kind of shelter from the sun. In the centre of my sketch is the crow's nest built by the Royal Engineers, whence we are able to overlook the dense bush a little. Directly below, to the right, is the hospital, built up of boxes, canvas, and any material which came handy. At the time of my sketch the convoy with which I had come was unloading. Hence the camels in the background. A great deal of dust arose from the high wind and the movements of the baggage animals."

THE LAND OF THE TURKOMANS

IN our Turkoman picture, on page 408, the portraits of the women are from photographs taken in the vicinity of Askhabad. The dress of the Turkoman is like that of the Uzbeks, and the fair sex of the former being kept less in seclusion than with the latter, the traveller in Turkmenia has better opportunities than when further east of seeing what the women are like. Their jewellery is for the most part of silver, their bracelets being made in the shape of the letter C, two inches wide, about a quarter of an inch thick, and weighing sometimes up to a quarter of a pound. Here and there a woman may be seen with gold rings in her ears, three inches in diameter, and for which they ask the stranger as much as 10*l*.

There is besides one piece of jewellery that every woman wears, in the form of an amulet round the neck, inside of which are Muhammadan writings. The same are also tied round the necks of camels. Mothers are fond of sewing silver coins in their babies' caps, and to their own long tresses, worn in braids, are frequently suspended dangling ornaments, whose tinkling may be heard as they move about.

The settled Turkomans engage in agriculture, and some few busy themselves with sericulture. The mulberry trees every year are not merely stripped of their leaves, but pollarded, to find food for the silk-worms. One of the few commercial standards in Turkmenia is the *Mani*, a quantity of silk, the weight of sixty eggs. The winding of the silk on their clumsy wheels, as also the making of carpets and felts, all falls to the lot of the women.

The habitation of the Turkoman is usually the tent. General Alikhanoff, on his visit to Merv, which ended in the submission of the Mervis, held the meeting in the tent of the mother of Yusuf Khan, whose portrait we gave on April 4th. Subsequently deputies proceeded to Askhabad, and reached the Russian head-quarters, presenting a fine spectacle (according to the *Moscow Gazette*) in their gorgeously brocaded robes.

PUL-I-KHISTI

THE Bridge, Pul-i-Khisti (Bridge of Brick), or Dash Kepri, where General Komaroff has established his head-quarters since the battle of Penjdeh, is a position of great strategical importance. The correspondent of the *Standard*, writing from Gulran on February 29th, states:—"Pul-i-Khisti is a name by which the old aqueduct across the Kushk-Rud River is known, and it is nearly opposite Ak Tepé. The mound called Ak Tepé is between the junction of the Kushk-Rud and Murghab Rivers." Pul-i-Khisti and Ak Tepé are positions of great strategical importance, as they command the Kushk-Rud and Murghab Valleys, the passes leading across the mountains to the Herat Valley, and practically Herat itself, for the advance on Herat by the Heri-Rud, a much more difficult and inhospitable line, thus becomes unnecessary. The importance of holding such a strategical position as this unmolested was fully realised by General Komaroff, and was undoubtedly the real reason of his attack on the Afghan force. It is also doubtless the refusal of the Russians to yield up so invaluable a position which is barring the way at present to the success of the negotiations between the London and St. Petersburg Cabinets, as it cuts the best road from Cabul to Herat. Any advance of the Ameer upon Herat would be greatly hindered, while the road is perfectly open to Cabul for the Russians. The question is thus not merely the cession of a few miles more or less of territory, but of placing the two chief cities of Afghanistan under Russian control.—Our illustration is from a sketch by Sergeant Galindo, attached to the British Boundary Commission.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT FOR THE SOUDAN

MARCH 3rd was observed as a public holiday at Sydney, in celebration of the departure of the New South Wales Contingent for the Soudan. From the date on which the offer of the colony was accepted, to the hour of the departure of the Contingent, public enthusiasm was maintained at its utmost tension. The number of volunteers reached sixty times the required strength of the force, and there was a continuous flow of contributions in money and in kind from all quarters.

On Saturday, February 28th, the troops, amounting to about 800 men, including artillery, infantry, and an ambulance corps, were reviewed in Moore Park by Lord Augustus Loftus, Governor of New South Wales, in the presence of 50,000 spectators. Special excursion trains were run from all parts of the colony, and steamers were chartered to enable sightseers to go down the harbour, and see the last of their band of heroes.

On Sunday, March 1st, special services were held for the volunteers in the Anglican and Roman Catholic Cathedrals, sermons being preached by the Primate and the Roman Catholic Archbishop.

On Tuesday, March 3rd, the streets forming the line of route from the barracks to the Circular Quay, a distance of two miles, were lined by thousands of enthusiastic spectators. The troops were escorted by 600 sailors and marines from the men-of-war stationed in the colonial waters, and by all the available local forces, and were accompanied by the Governor, the Ministers, and the principal officials of the colony. On reaching the quay, the men formed square, and were addressed by the Governor in a spirit-stirring speech. The Contingent then marched on board the transports, the infantry and most of the artillery embarking on the *Iberia*, which took 600 of the men, the remaining 200, together with the horses and stores, being conveyed on board the *Australasian*. Enthusiastic cheers arose from the quay as the vessels steamed away to the "Heads" accompanied by a perfect fleet of steamers.—Our engravings are from photographs by Messrs. A. and E. Plummer, Sydney.

"A SUCCESSFUL RAID"

FROM time immemorial the Circassians have been amongst the most noted and boldest robbers in the world. Safe in their Caucasian fastnesses, they were ever the terror of the surrounding country, upon whose unfortunate inhabitants flying bands of Circassians would commit the most daring raids. Every Circassian is a born brigand, and, failing other prey, has no objection to swooping down on his own people, provided that they are not his clansmen or relatives. Of late years, however, since their subjugation by the hated Muscovite, the Circassians have become comparatively quiet, and numbers have emigrated into Turkish territory, where they keep the authorities in a constant ferment of anxiety, owing to their turbulence and plundering propensities. Staunch Mussulmans, the Circassians have always hated the Russians, and fought long and desperately to keep their independence, but were finally overcome in 1859. Mr. Wagner has depicted a band of Circassians in all their glory, galloping home after a successful raid on a hostile village. The group is eminently picturesque, with the rough little horses tearing along the mountain path, bearing their riders armed to the teeth with a whole arsenal of antiquated weapons, and flourishing their short whips. An element of grim realism is imported into the scene by the dusky head fastened to the saddle-bow, which once probably belonged to some tribal foe of the fierce-looking warrior in the foreground.

"CURLY"

AN ACTOR'S STORY, by John Coleman, illustrated by J. C. Dollman, is continued on page 413.

THE ANTWERP EXHIBITION opens next Saturday, when the King and Queen of the Belgians will inaugurate the undertaking, and the work is being energetically pushed forward. France will probably show to considerable advantage—although she is a little backward at present, and her Commissioners are pathetically appealing to dilatory exhibitors to press on so as to have everything ready for the opening day—and Gallic Art will occupy a full quarter of the space in the big Fine-Art Palace. Competitions and Congresses of all kinds will be held during the Exhibition. Thus a display of steam engines and machinery worked by electricity, compressed air, &c., will be held in May, together with a spring flower show, preliminary to a grand botanical congress, gymnastic competitions will take place in June, an international cattle show in July—the first of the kind in Belgium—and a Congress of Musicians in August. A lottery like that at the last Paris Exhibition is also to be organised.



SMOKING IN FRANCE has increased wonderfully within the last two years. Indeed, the demand for tobacco has been so great as to completely exhaust the Government supply.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL WORKS continue in good condition, and are none the worse for their enforced suspension. No water penetrates into the heading, and the machinery is kept in careful repair.

ANOTHER ROYAL AUTHOR is to be added to the list. Prince William of Prussia, eldest son of the Crown Prince, will shortly publish a work on "The Wars of Cæsar Judged from the Standpoint of Modern Strategy"—an extension of some lectures he lately gave at the officers' meetings in Potsdam.

BURNS' ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT of "TAM O' SHANTER" has just been sold for 152*l*.—the highest price ever paid for the poet's autograph. The manuscript consists of six foolscap pages, and further includes the whole of "Queen Mary's Lament," and the fragment of another poem. It has been bought for Scotland.

A GONDOLA VOYAGE ACROSS THE ADRIATIC from Venice to Trieste has been made involuntarily by the Comte de Bardi, nephew and heir of the late Comte de Chambord. Whilst the Comte was boating on the Venetian lagoons with an artist friend his gondola was suddenly blown out to sea, and although the little vessel was only intended for canal navigation, she crossed the gulf safely to Trieste.

TRAINS PROPELLED BY ELECTRICITY will shortly be tried on the Elevated Railway, in New York, on an extended scale. Mr. Edison and several electrical companies are preparing the experiment for one part of New York, while a rival company have taken another portion of the city for trial, and it is confidently anticipated that in a year's time, electricity will be the sole motive power used on the elevated railroads.

GOETHE'S LAST MALE DESCENDANT is just dead, Baron Walther Wolfgang von Goethe, grandson of the great author. His death will bring to light some valuable Goethe manuscripts, which the Baron kept jealously hidden in Goethe's house at Weimar, and which he has now bequeathed to the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar. He has left the Goethe villa to the town of Weimar, with sufficient funds to keep both house and garden as a public memorial.

THE FATE OF CROWNED HEADS has been minutely studied by a French statistician, who gives a cheerful list of the unfortunate rulers of the world. He reckons that up to the present time 2,540 Emperors and Kings have governed sixty-four nations. Of these sovereigns 300 were driven from their thrones, 64 abdicated, 24 committed suicide, 12 became insane, 100 fell in battle, 123 were made prisoners, 25 died martyrs, 151 were assassinated, and 108 legally condemned to death and executed.

AN ELEPHANT BURGLAR caused considerable alarm in a Bridge-water public house last week. The creature belonged to a travelling circus, and was housed for the night in a neighbouring stable. In the early morning hours "Tiny" burst open the stable-door, forced its way into the public-house, emptying a barrel of pigs' wash on the road, and finally broke into the larder. Here it devoured all available eatables, including a quantity of potatoes, several loaves of bread, and 1½ lb. of butter, and was just preparing to invade the bar, when the inmates and a policeman gave the alarm, and the elephant was secured after much trouble.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE OF LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD, now shortly expected in the United States, seems likely to be a very white elephant to the Americans. The members of the Pedestal Committee cannot get enough money towards their share of the work, and are now trying to raise the wind by concerts, while mischievous wags make all kinds of proposals respecting the use of the statue, the latest suggestion being to put it up in Central Park, New York, as a forty-story apartment house, "absolutely fireproof, and views unparalleled. Desirable bachelor apartments in the rays of the coronet, and excellent *caf  * in the heels." The New York *Christian Union* unkindly quotes a dirge appropriate for the Pedestal Committee to sing:

O cruel sculptor, M. Bartholdi!
It must have been a demon told ye
To ship your statue here from its native town, Poree;
For, in spite of exhibitions
And Congressional petitions,
We cannot get a place to put this mighty metal She.

THE EXHIBITION OF PORTRAITS OF THE CENTURY, now open at the Paris School of Fine Arts, is one of the most interesting of the numerous Parisian spring Art displays. The first exhibition of the kind took place in Paris three years ago for charitable purposes, like the present collection, which is quite equal in merit to its predecessor. Both dead and living painters are represented, and the portraits curiously illustrate the various dynasties which have ruled France from the time of the Great Revolution—Bourbon, Orleanist, Bonapartist, and Republican. There are some splendid Davids, notably his death of Marat, works by Greuze, Madame Vig  e-Lebrun, and Ary Scheffer; while the English school is well represented by several Gainsboroughs, Lawrences, and Reynolds. Amongst modern artists, MM. Meissonier, Carolus Duran, and Bonnat deal with the celebrities of the Third Republic. One of the most curious exhibits is a ghastly painting of the head of Fieschi, painted in the hospital of La Salp  tri  re by the artist Brascassat immediately after the execution, while the doctors were waiting to dissect the head, and signed with the would-be regicide's blood. Yet another Art collection is M. James Tissot's series of 15 paintings—"Parisian Women"—bold studies of Gallic feminine life under various aspects. The French critics, however, grumble that the painter has become Anglicised by his long stay on our side of the Channel, and declare that the so-called Parisiennes certainly hail from the banks of the Thames rather than the Seine.

THE FLEET

(ON ITS REPORTED INSUFFICIENCY)

(From the "Times," April 23)

YOU—you—if you have fail'd to understand—
The Fleet of England is her all in all—
On you will come the curse of all the land,
If that Old England fall,
Which Nelson left so great.

This isle, the mightiest naval power on earth,
This one small isle, the lord of every sea—
Poor England, what would all these votes be worth,
And what avail thine ancient fame of "Free,"
Wert thou a fallen State?

You—you who had the ordering of her Fleet,
If you have only compass'd her disgrace,
When all men starve, the wild mob's million feet
Will kick you from your place—
But then—too late, too late.

TENNYSON



PUBLIC FEELING has been acted on by alternate reports of the probability that there will be peace, and that there must be war; but however changeable the voice of rumour, preparations for a resort to arms have been and are persistently continued. On Tuesday a special circular was issued from the War Office calling up forthwith for permanent service all soldiers in the first-class of the Army Reserve belonging to a number of regiments having in India battalions not up to their establishment, with the object of recalling at once to the colours about 2,000 men, with a view to completing the establishment of those battalions. At the same time the circular warns all the first-class Army Reserves that they may be recalled to the colours at short notice, especially those belonging to the fourteen other regiments which would first be prepared for service in India, if their services should seem to be required there. On Wednesday numbers of the reservists called out presented themselves at the depôts of their regiments. General officers commanding districts are directed to furnish as soon as possible nominal rolls of officers of Militia battalions who are desirous of and can be recommended for employment at home with line battalions or regimental depôts, a condition precedent to the possible employment hereafter of any Militia subaltern being that he shall have served two trainings in the Militia, or be in possession of a certificate from one of the Schools of Instruction. Orders have been issued to a number of Militia regiments representing an establishment of more than 12,000 officers and men to assemble at places indicated for twenty-seven days' training, beginning on Monday next. In view of a possible need for the services of the Volunteers at home, the Council of the National Rifle Association have resolved to decline the challenge of the National Rifle Association of the United States to an International Contest in the course of the present year.

A **TEMPORARY LULL** at Woolwich on Saturday and Sunday, after weeks of unremitting toil, was followed by a resumption of energetic labour. A number of 5-inch breech-loading guns have been sent to Liverpool and other ports for the armament of the merchant cruisers which have been and are almost daily being taken up by the Government. They are also to receive Nordenföldt guns, and serve among other purposes for the protection of our merchant ships when, having successfully crossed the ocean, they approach our shores. Never before were there so many vessels of war being fitted out at Chatham for active service as now, the total number being nearly twenty. An 80-ton gun was shipped at Woolwich on Tuesday for H.M.S. *Inflexible*, at Portsmouth, and her armament is being quickly completed that she may be ready as the most powerful ship in the navy to take her place at the head of the British fleet. The first consignment of 300 torpedoes ordered from a German firm is expected to arrive this week. Very numerous applications have been received in reply to the Admiralty circular inviting volunteers from the navy and marine pensioners, and the Royal Marine Light Infantry is to be reinforced immediately by some 1,600 men. In addition to what is being done to meet possibly immediate eventualities, further provision is being made, in accordance with the demands of public opinion, for the future of the Navy. Besides the new war vessels in course of being built in the Government dockyards, two ironclads and five belted cruisers, the former to be constructed in three years and a-half, the latter in two years and three months, have been contracted for with private firms by the Admiralty. The ironclads are to cost 1,205,000l., the cruisers 1,093,000l.—in all 2,398,000l. Lord Northbrook said, not so very long ago, that if he had two or three millions given him for the Navy he would not know what to do with them. Circumstances and public opinion are finding him legitimate objects for the expenditure of a still larger sum.

LORD SALISBURY began at Wrexham on Tuesday a short political tour in Wales, by the delivery of an incisive speech, in which the promises and policy of Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian utterances were contrasted with his performances since. Instead of peace there had been war; a vote of credit for eleven millions was the fulfilment of the pledge of retrenchment; and a reliance on the Concert of Europe had ended in a union of all the nations of the world against us. As regarded Russia what was wanted was not to extract promises from her, which she will not keep, but to make it clear that there is a point where we mean to resist, and that beyond that point Russia is not to go.—At Welshpool, on Wednesday, Lord Salisbury spoke on agricultural and commercial depression, censuring the Government for refusing an inquiry into the state of trade, while he repudiated any notion of re-imposing a corn duty. He protested against saddling lands and houses with the expenditure on education and poor rates which ought to be borne by the collective wealth of the nation. He hinted also at the justice and propriety of levying import duties on foreign luxuries.

ON **WEDNESDAY**, too, Sir Stafford Northcote presided and spoke at the annual dinner of the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association. Referring to Lord Beaconsfield's confidence in the people, he remarked that the old timid Conservatism was fading away before the bold Conservatism which endeavoured to enlist the working classes in its cause.

THE **FOURTH ANNIVERSARY** of Lord Beaconsfield's death falling on Sunday, the usual honours to his memory were paid on Saturday, which was kept as Primrose day, Conservatives throughout the kingdom conspicuously displaying on their persons his favourite flower, wreaths of which decked his statue opposite the Houses of Parliament and his tomb at Hughenden. It figured largely too as a decoration at the banquets and public meetings held to commemorate him. The principal of these demonstrations was naturally the annual dinner of the Primrose League in St. James's Hall, presided over by Lord John Manners, and at which it is significant the toast of the evening, "Success to the Primrose League," was proposed by Lord Randolph Churchill in a speech somewhat more statesmanlike in tone than much of his previous oratory. For India, Lord Randolph maintained, there could never be real political or social progress until what he called the insidious and malignant movement of the Russian armies on the Afghan frontier was permanently arrested.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has been elected President of the London and Westminster Working Men's Constitutional Association. He is to stand at the General Election for the Central Division of Birmingham, which he will contest with Mr. John Bright himself.

THE **SKINNERS' COMPANY** have voted a donation of a hundred guineas to the funds of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, which is providing work daily for more than seventy of the recently unemployed of London.

AS A **GENERAL ELECTION** is to take place in November, the Council of the Social Science have resolved not to hold this year their usual Autumnal Congress, for which Bath had been fixed on as the seat.

WITHIN SIX HOURS of each other, two tremendous explosions occurred in the same district of South-Eastern London on Monday night—between eight and nine, and between two and three on

Tuesday morning. The earlier was an explosion of gas, which it is supposed escaped from the main in the roadway of Eugene Road, Oldfield Road, Rotherhithe, and, oozing through the soil into the coal cellar of No. 1, was ignited there by a lighted candle taken into it by a little girl. The house, which was occupied by working people, was blown up with a noise resembling that of a heavy cannonade, and six of the inmates were injured, two of them middle-aged females—so severely, that amputation of both legs had to be performed on them at Guy's Hospital, whither all the sufferers were removed. The second explosion was in the Rotherhithe New Road, and was caused by the bursting of a large boiler on the extensive premises of a miller in Bermondsey Wall, Bermondsey, which was completely wrecked. In their immediate proximity are some fine schools belonging to the London School Board, the lower part of one of which was seriously damaged. Fortunately, so far, from the early hour of the explosion, the thoroughfare in which it occurred and the schoolrooms, crowded through the day, were empty. Had it taken place some hours later the consequences might have been frightful.

OUR **OBITUARY** includes the death, in her seventy-seventh year, of the Viscountess Frankfort de Montmorency; in his eighty-first year of General Macan, Colonel of the 17th Regiment Bombay Native Infantry, who commanded a brigade in the assault and capture of Kotah, March, 1858; at the age of fifty-nine, and after forty-four years spent in the service of the Crown, of Mr. Thomas G. Grant, Superintendent of H.M.'s Naval and Victualling Establishments at Deptford, whose father was Comptroller of Victualling, and who earned the thanks of the Government for the skill and promptitude with which he organised the despatch of the supplies furnished by this country to the starving denizens of Paris in 1871; of the Rev. Charles Wicksteed, a prominent Unitarian, for fourteen years Minister of Mill Hill Unitarian Chapel, of his predecessors in which charge from 1672 to the beginning of this century he wrote, among other works, a series of discourses, published in 1853 as "Lectures on the Memory of the Just;" in his sixty-ninth year of Mr. James Barber, who formerly was regarded as one of the richest men of the Turf, but died in poverty in a public-house at Sheffield; at the advanced age of ninety-one, at Holwell, in Dorsetshire, of Samuel Milner, who was at Waterloo with what was then the 12th Light Dragoons, and who for some time has been supported by a fund, the subscribers to which included the Duke of Cambridge and the officers of his old regiment; and that of the Dean of Lincoln, referred to in our "Church" column.

LONDON MORTALITY decreased last week, and 1,706 deaths were registered, against 1,859 during the previous seven days, a decline of 153, being 111 below the average, and at the rate of 21.8 per 1,000. These deaths included 41 from small-pox (a rise of 5, and exceeding the average by 15); the number of small-pox patients in the Metropolitan Asylum Hospitals on Saturday rose to 1,062 (against 910 the previous week), and was the highest recorded since June last. There were 92 from measles (an increase of 22, and exceeding the average by 42), 9 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria (a rise of 6), 46 from whooping cough (a fall of 9), 2 from typhus fever, 13 from enteric fever (a rise of 3), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 7 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 9), and not one from cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 449 (a decrease of 63), and were 21 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 57 deaths; 50 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 4 from burns and scalds, 5 from drowning, 4 from poison, and 13 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Five cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,617 births registered, against 2,473 the previous week, being 101 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 45.6 deg., and 1.9 deg. below the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 29.2 hours against 24.5 hours at Glynide Place, Lewes.



THE **TURF**.—Perhaps there is hardly a spot in England where bad weather is more unendurable and fine weather more enjoyable than Newmarket Heath. The Craven Meeting which has been held there this week has been favoured with the latter, which coupled with a revised "bill of fare" made the gathering an almost unprecedented success. The fields ruled large and of good quality; and we shall probably hear no more of the suggested abolition of the Craven Meeting. As a rule matters went against the backers of favourites, as they often do at head-quarters; Bellona, absolutely unbacked, winning the Trial Stakes on the first day; Ordovix, starting at 50 to 1, the Crawford Plate; Grey Parrot, the least fancied of the starters, the Light Weight Plate; and Sir Kenneth the Bushes Handicap. Graculus, however, the second favourite, took the Biennial, the favourite, Langwell, running third; and Assignment, with the odds of 5 to 2 on her, the Double Trial Plate. On the Wednesday the favourite made a poor show for the Babraham Plate, which fell to Macheath in a field of nearly twenty.—The Italian Derby, for three-year-olds bred in the kingdom, run at the Campanelle on the Roman Campagna, has resulted in the victory of San Salva Stud's Rosenberg, with Prince Potenzi's April Fool second, and Count Tallon's Mandonna third.—From America we hear that Mr. Pierre Lorillard's good old servant Parole, who created such a surprise by his successes in this country a few years ago, has been withdrawn from the Turf to pass the rest of his days in comfortable retirement. In nine years he won for his owner \$2,184 dollars.—Next week the Epsom Spring Meeting will be held. For the City and Suburban Duke of Richmond and Bird of Freedom are still the ruling favourites.

FOOTBALL.—Two or three important matches have finally wound up the football season, that between the Blackburn Rovers and the Blackburn Olympic in the final tie for the Lancashire Challenge Cup being most interesting. These were the two clubs left in for the final last year, when the Rovers won the trophy for the third time in succession. On the present occasion they were again victorious, but only after a tremendous struggle, in which many considered that the Olympians had generally the best of the game. The score was two goals to one.—The Mayor of Birmingham's Charity Cup has fallen to Aston Villa; Darwen has beaten Notts Forest; Bucks has triumphed over Berks; and Notts County has reversed its recent defeat by Notts Forest. All these were Association games.

CRICKET.—News comes from Australia that the various cricket clubs have decided that none of Murdoch's men who visited England last year will be allowed to play next year at Lord's or Kennington Oval. This information is somewhat contrary to other reports received; but cricketers in this country would be glad to know that any future team from the Antipodes would come to us under the auspices of the combined Australian cricket associations.—It is in contemplation that an Eleven of Gentlemen of the South of England, chiefly from Devonshire, shall visit America next August; and that some Scotch gentlemen cricketers shall make a similar tour.

AQUATICS.—An impression seems gaining ground that Hanlan's health was somewhat upset by the Australian climate, and that when he recovers himself he will regain his position as the champion sculler of the world. It is said that challenges have been issued by Gaudaur and Teemer to row either Hanlan or Beach.

LACROSSE.—The record of the season of 1884-5 shows that a larger number of matches have been played in it than in any previous one; and there can be no doubt but that a considerable advance has been made in scientific play, and in the interest taken in the game generally. In recent matches Middlesex has beaten Kent, and Lancashire Nottinghamshire.

GOLF.—The Royal Wimbledon Golf Club has had a most successful spring meeting, at which Mr. Roffey won the Bombay Cup (Handicap), and Mr. Crawford the Kennard Gold Challenge Medal.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Another long-distance tournament will come off at the Westminster Aquarium next week, commencing on Monday. As on the last occasion, its duration will be six days, of twelve hours per day. All the best-known long-distance performers of this country will take part in the contest, including Littlewood, of Sheffield, the winner of the tournament a few months ago; Rowell, Corkey, Crossland (ex-long-distance champions), Sinclair (ex-amateur long-distance walker), and many other "peds." of valour and renown. The arrangements at the Aquarium were excellent on the last occasion, and it may be taken for granted that they will be even improved upon next week.

RACQUETS.—At Prince's Court, Hans Place, the Public Schools' Challenge Cup has been won by Harrow, Eton playing the final game with the Dark Blues.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

ONE of our engravings this week chronologically belongs to those of the week before—namely, that of poor children trying to shake hands with his Royal Highness. This incident took place during the Prince's visit to Golden Lane and the Combe, where the houses are shabby and ricketty, and let out in tenements to a very poverty-stricken class of people.

Resuming our chronicle of the principal events characterising the Royal visit to Ireland, on Friday, April 10th, the Prince of Wales held a Levée at Dublin Castle. It was by no means an exclusive gathering. It was literally a levée en masse. The streams of carriages seemed never ending, and when the Castle had been reached the troubles of the presentees were by no means over. Between the Castle Yard and the Throne Room many a Lad quarter of an hour, or half hour, was endured. Nevertheless, the gathering was a thorough success.

While the Prince was thus busy receiving his guests, the Princess was engaged in paying a visit to Alexandra College, Earlsfort Terrace. The Jellicoe Hall was brilliantly decorated, and there some 250 students and the professors of the college were assembled. The young ladies sang "God Save the Queen," and the Princess seemed highly pleased at her visit.

That night, to match her husband's Levée, the Princess held a Drawing Room. It was an unusually brilliant affair. The number of ladies presented far exceeded the attendance on any previous occasion, and the streets were illuminated by the lines of carriages stretching in all directions. It is said that at least 2,000 persons entered St. Patrick's Hall.

On Friday, also in St. Patrick's Hall, no less than thirty addresses from various public bodies, represented by deputations of five members from each, were presented to the Prince and Princess. The Prince, instead of making thirty replies, wisely compressed them all into one.

The next item in the day's programme was the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Museum of Science and Art in connection with South Kensington, at Leinster House. As many people assembled in the streets to witness the passage of the Royal party from the Castle to the site of the new building as on the day of the public entry. A number of students occupied the windows in front of Trinity College, and between them and the populace a good-humoured fire of raillery was kept up, to the amusement of a very large audience. The multitudes received the Prince and Princess with the greatest enthusiasm. By way of a novelty, our artist has represented the back view of this scene.

After leaving the Leinster House the Royal and Viceregal parties drove to the Royal University, where another interesting ceremony was performed, namely, the conferring of honorary degrees on the Prince and Princess of Wales. The former was made a Doctor of Laws, the latter a Doctor of Music. After this last degree had been conferred the Danish National Anthem was played.

Friday's proceedings were closed by a State Ball, given by the Lord Lieutenant and Lady Spencer, at Dublin Castle; and it is thought that no scene so animated and attractive has been witnessed there since the Prince and Princess last visited Dublin seventeen years ago.

On Saturday, April 11th, the Royal party rested during the forenoon to make up for the unwonted labours of the day before, but in the afternoon they left the Castle for the purpose of christening the Alexandra Basin at the extremity of the North Wall. This is part of the scheme which has been in progress during some years past for providing the port of Dublin with accommodation for shipping of the largest class.

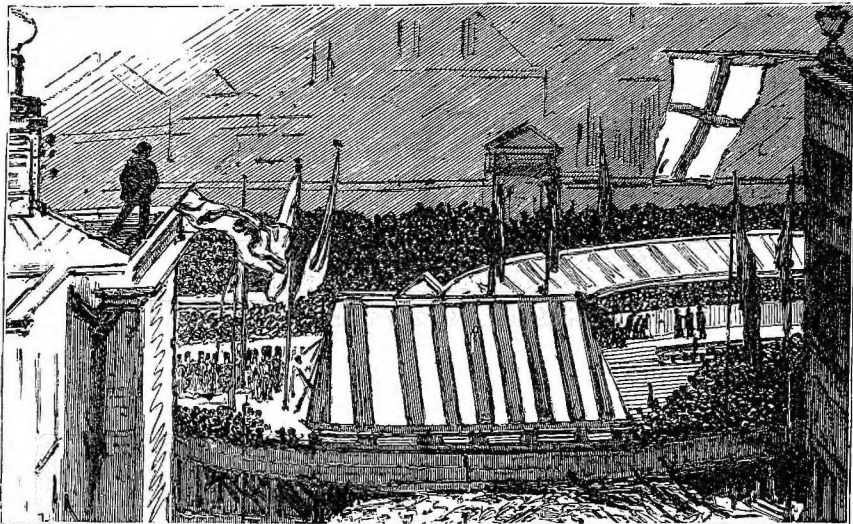
Next followed a visit to Trinity College. A dense concourse had assembled in front of the building, while the students, arrayed in academic costume, were massed inside the railings. As the Princess passed into the hall she was presented by a little girl with a beautiful bouquet. Then followed the usual address and reply, and the Prince asked that the undergraduates, who in honour of the Royal visit had already been granted a term, might also be credited with the college examination. The request was, of course, granted.

To conclude the day's programme the Prince and Princess visited the Artane School, a most successful industrial establishment for waifs and strays, conducted by the Christian Brethren.

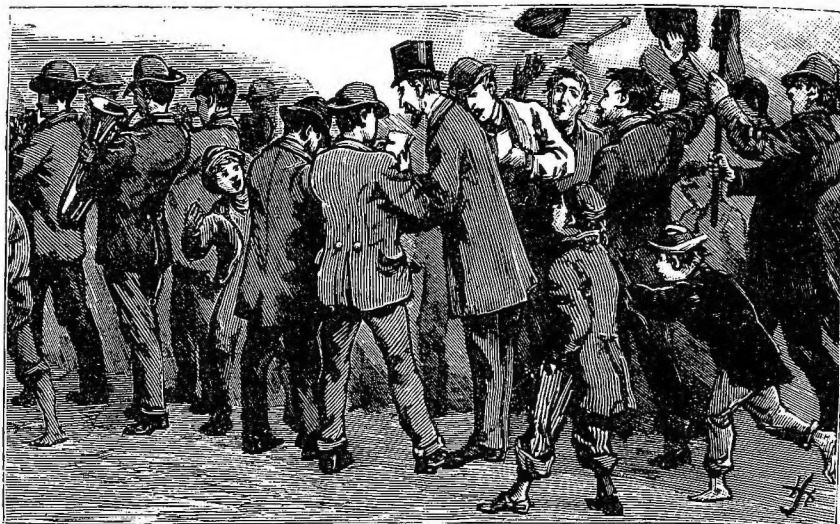
On Sunday the Royal party attended Divine Service in the Chapel Royal, Lower Castle Yard, and, in the afternoon, they drove through the Phoenix Park, along the Valley of the Liffey, to Woodlands, the residence of Lord Annaly. The country people were quite as cordial in their reception of the Prince and Princess as the town multitude.

On Monday the Prince of Wales presented new colours to the Cornwall Regiment in the Castle Gardens, and at 1.35 P.M. the Royal party started from the Kingsbridge Station for the South. The complete harmony and loyalty which was manifested in Dublin was, it must be confessed, scarcely displayed on the southern journey. A party of Nationalists had occupied one of the platforms of the Mallow Railway Station with a band of music, and the police, fearing a collision might ensue between them and the loyalists grouped on the opposite platform, ejected them with, it is asserted, some violence. In many cases along the line of route, though crowds of sightseers were gathered together, no cheers were uttered, and in one or two instances black flags, bearing threatening devices, were exhibited. The streets of the city of Cork presented a most picturesque appearance from the quantity of bunting displayed, but even there a mob committed some damage by breaking the windows of decorated houses.

On Tuesday the Royal guests left Lord Listowel's seat at Con-



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE NEW SCIENCE AND ART MUSEUM, DUBLIN
—A SKETCH BEHIND THE SCENES



MR. O'BRIEN, M.P., BEING INTERVIEWED BY REPORTERS AT MALLOW

vamore, and proceeded on a short visit to the Marquis of Waterford at Curraghmore. On the route they were respectfully received, and were presented at Lismore with an address signed by many of the working-classes in the surrounding counties, asking from H.R.H. the same interest in their behalf as he bestowed on the artisans of England. The only disagreeable incident was a demonstration of some evicted tenants.

On Wednesday the Royal Party proceeded to Cork, where they visited the Science and Art Institution, the Convent of Good Shepherds, where 132 orphan children and 170 penitent women are accommodated, and the Cathedral. Then, at Haulbowline Island, whither they went by steamer, they were entertained at a banquet by the Cork Reception Committee, after which they visited Queenstown. Finally they returned to Lord Listowel's place at Convamore. Altogether the visit to Cork was a success, but there was some hissing mingled with the cheers, and several loyal emblems were torn down. The Na-



"EYES FRONT"—THE PRINCESS PASSING
THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

tionalists seem to lack the humour for which their countrymen used to be proverbial, for they even wreaked their wrath on the punning banner of a firm of dyers—"We will dye for the Queen and country."

On Thursday, April 16th, the Royal party took leave of Lord Listowel, and started from the Ballyhooley Station by rail for Killarney. Crowds had assembled at the various stations *en route*, and there was a good deal of cheering, though some black flags were visible. The travellers had a fine view of the Killarney Mountains, the higher peaks of which were covered with snow. The visitors were warmly greeted on reaching Killarney, the streets of which were decorated. The Royal party stayed at Kenmare House.

While at Killarney the Royal visitors made the usual tour of the lakes, and on Monday, April 20th, started for Dublin, *via* Tralee and Limerick, in order to be present at Punchestown Races on Tuesday.

We defer the remainder of our record till next week, when more pictures will be forthcoming.

Landrost Müller

Sir C. Warren



Van Niekerc (Prisoner)

Commander Celliers (Prisoner)

WITH SIR CHARLES WARREN AT VRYBERG—THE TRIAL OF MR. VAN NIEKERK, EX-ADMINISTRATOR OF STELLALAND, FOR THE MURDER OF MR. JAMES HONEY, FEBRUARY, 1882

FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



THE BERKSHIRE REGIMENT ATTACKING THE REBEL POSITION AT HASHEEN, MARCH 20



THE GUARDS RETIRING FROM HASHEEN, MARCH 20



INSIDE BAKER'S ZERIHA FIVE DAYS AFTER THE SURPRISE

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—WITH GENERAL GRAHAM AT SUAKIM
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



OUR relations with RUSSIA have not improved this week. Sir Peter Lumsden's categorical reply to Mr. Gladstone's questions regarding General Komaroff's despatch on the taking of Penjdeh clearly proves that the Russians tried their utmost to compel the Afghans to begin the fight, and failing this advanced to attack the Afghan position, "and of course," remarks General Lumsden, "the Afghans were obliged to defend themselves." General Lumsden testifies to "continued and irritating daily attempts to excite hostility," which forced upon the Afghans the necessity of extending their defensive position, while it was in consequence of a strong reconnaissance in force on the 28th that the Afghans placed a post of observation on the height commanding the Russian camp, though this was withdrawn the next day. Moreover, in answer to General Komaroff's statement that he had found an entrenchment occupied by Afghans near the bridge, Sir Peter Lumsden states that the position had been occupied previous to General Komaroff's advance and to the agreement of March 17th. "General Komaroff's claim to either bank of the Kushk," he declares, "is untenable. The left bank of the Kushk had always been held by the Afghans, and was never in Russian occupation." As to the allegation that the British officers advised the Afghans to refuse to obey the Russian summons to retire, Sir Peter Lumsden quotes the Afghan commander's letter to General Komaroff, in which he clearly lays down that he must "loyally obey the orders he received from his Highness the Ameer. I can in no way do anything contrary to the orders of my Sovereign." Meanwhile, the Russians appear to have taken possession of Penjdeh, and, "to avoid anarchy," have established a provisional administration there, the Saryk Turkomans being put in charge of the town under a Russian Governor.

Sir Peter Lumsden's letter has, of course, been forwarded to the Russian Government, and negotiations between the Cabinets of London and St. Petersburg are still being actively carried on, but not very favourably, to judge by the tone adopted by M. de Giers, who now throws all the blame of recent events on Sir Peter Lumsden, and what he terms his unnecessarily large escort. Meanwhile preparations for war are being energetically pushed forward on both sides. The Russian press, which under its rigid censorship may be regarded as uttering the opinions of the Government, is exceedingly warlike. The official *Tagblatt* of Warsaw boldly announces that Russia is making the necessary preparations for taking Herat, which is to be held as a Damocles' sword over India, and with this "we shall be able to decide several European questions in our own favour." The *Moscow Gazette* describes Lord Dufferin's attitude as a *casus belli*, and referring to the British occupation of Port Hamilton declares that, unless England surrenders this point, war is inevitable. The *Novosti*, the *Novoe Vremya*, and *Strelt*, all join in advocating the Russian occupation of Herat, and the whole of the Muscovite press teems with the most bellicose articles, urging Europe to insist upon the neutralisation of the Baltic and the Dardanelles, the closing of the Suez Canal to ships of either belligerent, and declaring that Russia in the event of war will withdraw from the Declaration of Paris, and will issue letters of marque for privateers. More solid evidences of the warlike feeling shown by Russia may be found in the calling out of the first-class reserves in South-Western Russia, in the fortification of Batoum, in the general advance of reinforcements in Central Asia, and in the order to all the Russian war vessels at Kronstadt and the northern Russian ports to prepare for war. At the same time come the details of a scheme for a new Russian Railway, which professedly is to connect England with Russia, and form a formidable rival to the Suez Canal. By this travellers will go from Batoum to Tiflis and Baku. Thence steamers will be taken across the Caspian to Kra-novodsk, whence the railway will run through Askabad, Sarakhs, Herat, and Candahar to the Indus, the journey from London occupying eleven days. Of course, it can only be evident to all that that the railway will serve far more to connect Russia than England with India.

The Anglo-Russian negotiations have been the all-absorbing topic throughout Europe. At the beginning of the week the most optimistic views prevailed, and it was currently believed that England had persuaded the Ameer to give up Penjdeh, and that the Russians had once more carried their point. In Berlin and Vienna it was confidently asserted that war had been avoided. In Paris, however, people were far less hopeful, and the *Temps* summed up the general opinion by stating that any arrangement could only be a truce, and would not last long. Both Germany and Austria have made very strong representations to Turkey, insisting upon the neutralisation of the Dardanelles in the event of war, and threatening that if the Porte allows British ironclads to enter they will tear up the Treaty of Berlin. The Porte is consequently said to have yielded to their request, and to have declined the advances of England. On the other hand, the proposal that Sweden and Denmark should close the Baltic both to Russian and to British men-of-war does not appear to have been favourably received, and is pronounced by the *National Zeitung* to be tantamount to a breach of neutrality in favour of Russia. The popular opinion in Germany at present is decidedly favourable to England, but at the same time there is little doubt that a war between England and Russia would be hailed with satisfaction, as Germany is jealous and apprehensive of Russia's military power, and would be glad to see her fully occupied, while England's hands being equally tied, the Teutonic colonisation projects could be pushed forward without let or hindrance.

IN INDIA the war preparations continue apace, stores are being poured into Quetta and Pishin, and all is ready to mass a formidable army on the frontier. Lord Dufferin, when recently receiving the Indian Association, referred to the "noble and generous spirit of loyalty shown by the princes and people of India," and declared that his hearers "might rest assured that should circumstances require it the Government would know how to avail itself in an effectual manner" of their offers of assistance. In view of emergency, the Nepaulese Government are drilling a contingent of 12,000 Ghorkhas for service in our army.

FROM EGYPT there is little military news. The decision of Mr. Gladstone to abandon the advance on Khartoum, and so free our troops for "service in India or elsewhere," will necessitate a retirement in force throughout the line of the Nile from Korti northwards; but it is improbable that the chief strategic points will be left unprotected, particularly as a fleet of new boats are to be sent for service on the Nile. At Suakim also, if Osman Digma is to be restrained from coming back as he did last year, and destroying the railway, a fairly strong force will have to be maintained. The actual military news of the past week refers almost exclusively to the railway and the gradual advance of General Graham's troops, whose advanced outposts are now at Tambouk, where it is terribly hot, and the wells are only yielding a few gallons of water daily. The enemy, who had entirely disappeared for some days, were again seen on Monday, and throughout the night the peculiar signal whistle of the Hadendows was constantly heard. The railway is being actively pushed forward to Tambouk, beyond which the line

will enter the hills, and there will be no water for twenty miles. Further advance has accordingly been postponed. From Berber it is reported that Osman Digma's recent losses have created much anxiety, and that great dissension reigns among the Emirs. At Khartoum all is quiet, and the Mahdi is calmly organising his government. The Anti-Mahdi, Muley Hassan Ali, however, is making great way with many of the Mahdi's former followers, and, having defeated the Mahdi's troops, entered El Obeid in state on March 12th. He is said to have been mounted on a white steed, and to have held a drawn sword in his right hand, which he asserted had been presented to him by Mahomet to drive the infidels out of Egypt and to kill Mahomed Achmet.

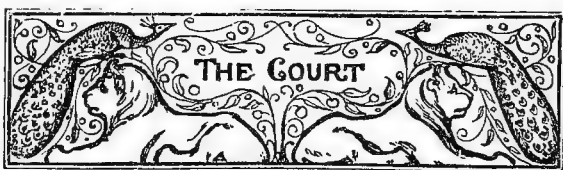
The dispute between FRANCE and EGYPT relative to the forcible suppression of the *Bosphore Egyptien* has entered upon a somewhat acute phase. M. de Freycinet, while regarding the actual journal as unworthy of French protection, is peremptorily demanding reparation for its illegal suppression and the violation of a Frenchman's domicile. Thus he demands the unconditional reopening of M. Serrière's printing office and the dismissal of Captain Fenwick, the officer who ordered the police to make forcible entrance. Nubar Pasha asked for time to prepare his answer, as he wished to take the opinion of the Porte on the question as to whether the Capitulations had been violated, and then requested a further delay in order to consult England. There is little doubt indeed that, while the Egyptian Government was within its rights in suppressing the journal, it violated the rights of a foreign resident by forcibly entering his house.

IN FRANCE for once home politics have been utterly stagnant, save that the new Finance Minister, M. Clamageran, has resigned, being replaced by M. Sadi Carnot. The chief home topic has been a curious murder in Paris. A lady named Madame Cornet, living in the Rue de Séze, engaged a man-servant, who gave the name of Henri Martin. Next morning she was found with her throat cut, while her valuables had disappeared. The police concluded that the crime had been committed by one of a gang who have perpetrated numerous robberies by engaging themselves as men-servants. They showed the photograph of one named Marchandon to the maid-servant, who at once recognised it as the portrait of the new man-servant who had mysteriously disappeared. He was, however, speedily traced to Compiègne, where he was found to have been living in good style for the past eighteen months, being generally regarded as a wealthy bookmaker, and was visited by the officers of the garrison and generally by the young men of Compiègne. He has confessed to the murder, but states that he killed his victim in self-defence. There is nothing fresh respecting the Chinese question. The final negotiations are proceeding, and M. Patenôtre has gone to Tientsin. The Chinese are retiring from Tonkin, and the blockade of Formosa was raised on the 16th inst.

FROM THE UNITED STATES come various rumours of the efforts of the Russian agents to buy fast American steamers, to be used as cruisers. Their movements, as also those of Russian war vessels, are being closely watched by our own authorities, and it is stated that the difficulties of obtaining suitable steamers for such a purpose are almost prohibitive. General Grant is better, and is able again to drive out. Owing to the stagnation of trade, the tourist season does not promise to be so active this year, and the passages secured for Europe are far below the average.

IN CANADA General Middleton has not yet encountered Riel and his followers, but is now marching directly upon the rebel camp, about forty miles distant from his own headquarters on the South Saskatchewan River, which he reached last week. He started down the river on Tuesday from Clarke's Crossing, and advanced on both sides of the river. Fort Pitt is stated to have fallen into the hands of the Cree Indians, and it is feared that the whole garrison have been massacred. The fort was in charge of Inspector Francis Dickens, son of the late novelist. The Indians had attacked the fort previously, but unsuccessfully. On making another assault they found the garrison had retired down the river. The Indians followed, and it is thought, massacred the whole of the fugitives. Colonel Otter is marching with a relieving column upon Battleford, where five hundred persons are stated to be collected within a stockade. Riel has issued a manifesto detailing the Half-breeds' grievances. He states that in 1876-7-8 they made urgent but fruitless representations to Government officials. He blames the surveyors for cutting up their lands, and the inspectors for taking away their wood and water rights. He affirms that he did not fire the first shot, and that he is being hunted to death. He concludes: "Under these circumstances, as death at the hands of the public executioner or in battle must be our fate, we must die fighting." Three of his Indian scouts were recently captured, and declared that their tribe, the Teeton Sioux, were unwilling allies of Riel. General Middleton released one, and sent him back to his people with the message that Canada is not at war with the good Indians who are willing to go to the Reserves. The Sioux Indians on the Morlyville Reserve have sent renewed assurances of their loyalty to the British Crown.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from BELGIUM that the King has sent a message to Parliament asking for authority to assume the title of Sovereign of the Congo State. The King states that the new State will be completely independent, and that its connection with Belgium will be simply of a personal nature, Belgium being liable to no financial nor military charges connected with the State. —FROM GERMANY comes a rumour that the meeting of the three Emperors this year will take place at the castle of a Galician nobleman in Austrian territory, but close to the Russian frontier. —IN AUSTRIA the King has closed the Reichsrath with a speech in which he said "Our good relations with the Powers justify the expectation that peace will be preserved undisturbed to our Monarchy." The Opposition have issued a strong manifesto (the journals publishing it were seized) in which they protest "against all attempts to convert Austria into a Slav State. We shall continue to agitate for the maintenance of German as the national tongue and to oppose the extension of Federalism." —HOLLAND is discussing the revision of her Constitution, including a Franchise Bill and a measure compelling every citizen to serve for the defence of his country. —IN BURMAH also beneficent King Theebaw is said to be about to bestow a Constitution on his subjects.



THE QUEEN has left Aix-les-Bains for Germany. The last days of Her Majesty's stay at Aix were occupied by various excursions, the most important being to Annecy, where the Queen and Princess Beatrice spent the day, and made a tour of the lake. The Royal visitors had a warm reception from the inhabitants, and a military guard of honour kept the ground at the station. On Saturday afternoon, also, Her Majesty and the Princess drove to La Chambotte; while next morning they attended Divine Service at the English Church, where the Rev. D. L. McAnally officiated. The Queen has received numerous visitors, including the Mayor and Curé of Aix, some Australian ladies and gentlemen, and Drs. Wakefield and

Bertier, while Lady Whalley has lunched with the Royal party. On Wednesday afternoon Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice left Aix for Darmstadt, where they were expected to arrive next afternoon. The various members of the Hessian Ducal Family have assembled at Darmstadt to meet Her Majesty, and to be present at the Confirmation of the Hereditary Grand Duke, the Grand Duke and Duchess Sergius coming specially from Russia. The Queen remains at Darmstadt until Friday next, when the Royal party travel to England *via* Flushing and Queenborough. Her Majesty will spend a few days in town to hold a Drawing Room during the second week in May.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor return home about Tuesday next. Their movements in Ireland are chronicled in the article accompanying our illustrations of their visit. They will go to Sandringham for Whitsuntide, and subsequently the Prince will visit Newmarket for the First Spring Meeting.

The Duke of Edinburgh on Saturday morning attended Lord Mayor Nottage's funeral in St. Paul's, and in the evening, with the Duchess, dined with Lord and Lady Wimborne. On Monday night the Duke was in the House of Lords, where he made a brief speech on behalf of the Maltese nobility, and on Tuesday he again attended the sitting of the House, and was present at the meeting of the Royal Commission on Loss of Life at Sea. The Duchess went to the Vaudeville Theatre on Tuesday night, and on Thursday evening the Duke and Duchess were to be present at the concert at Exeter Hall on behalf of the prize fund of the Savoy Chapel Schools. —Princess Christian on Tuesday presented prizes at the Polytechnic to the successful candidates of the ladies' class of amuse-ment instruction connected with St. John's Ambulance Association. —Princess Louise on Monday was present at the Grosvenor House Concert on behalf of the Princess Louise Home for Young Girls. —Princess Beatrice's marriage will take place at Whippingham Church on July 22nd or 23rd, the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the ceremony. Probably the daughters of the Prince of Wales and some of their cousins may be bridesmaids—an innovation in British Royal weddings, where the bridesmaids are generally daughters of the nobility, and not of the Royal House.



DVOŘÁK'S NEW SYMPHONY.—Even if space would permit, it would hardly be wise now to pass judgment upon the new symphony which Herr Antonin Dvořák on Wednesday evening conducted at the Philharmonic Concert, before a splendid audience. The entire symphony is so daringly original, in parts it is so great, and in other parts so complex, that the prudent critic would prefer to wait till a second hearing. Then, if we mistake not, the first movement will appear far more intelligible than it did on Wednesday. Like the slow movement, it seems to suffer from an excess of thematic material. A slow movement which starts off with four principal themes in procession is itself of a character to demand further inquiry. The scherzo is in a minor key, and its trio is of an unusually complicated sort. The finale is likewise in the key of D minor, and it is not until its second subject and the major key is reached that the composer seems to be in his true element. The audience, however, seemed to be aware that they stood in the presence of a master-work of which they would like to hear more before they finally accepted it. The rest of the concert, at which Mdlle. Kleeberg and Mr. Lloyd assisted, was conducted by Sir Arthur Sullivan.

BERLIOZ'S "TE DEUM."—The famous Wagnerite and critic, Dr. Richard Pohl, in the course of a lengthy, if not absolutely exhaustive, essay states that Berlioz's *Te Deum* was designed as a portion of a spectacular piece intended to depict the entry of Bonaparte into Paris after the Italian campaign. Directly the warrior (or his representative, for Bonaparte was long since dead) set foot in Notre Dame, he was to be surrounded by a mass of sound coming from various parts of the cathedral, from the organ at one end, 134 instrumentalists and 200 chorists at the other, and 600 boys representing the congregation. There is not a trace of this pretty story in Berlioz' autobiography or correspondence, and it is probably purely imaginative. Berlioz certainly intended his *Te Deum* to be performed on a grand scale in London during the Great Exhibition of 1851, but the idea was abandoned. It was instead given at St. Eustache in 1855, and after a neglect of a quarter of a century it was recently revived at Marseilles and at Weimar, whence it passed to the Crystal Palace. There it was last Saturday performed for the first time in England, under Mr. Manns, and under ordinary concert-room conditions. The *Te Deum* is undoubtedly a singularly fine work. It opens with a triple chorus, treated for the most part in the manner of a double fugue, and necessarily jubilant in character, as befits its title of a Hymn of Praise. The second section ranks with the sixth among the finest of Berlioz's works. It opens with the cry of the Angels, sung by the female voices. The three choirs join with marvellous effect at the words "at the majesty of Thy glory." The male voices sing of the Apostles, Prophets, and Martyrs, and once more the "Holy, Holy," and the succeeding lines are delivered by the triple choir. "The Holy Church" is sung by the basses, and the "Sanctus" is heard for a third time; this magnificent movement ending with an orchestral piece. "Vouchsafe, O Lord," is a prayer and lament, as of souls overburdened by sin. It is for double chorus, as also is the following piece, "Thou art the King of Glory," necessarily of a brighter and more popular character. "We therefore pray Thee" is a tenor solo, the female voices responding softly "Have mercy upon us," and the whole ending with a six-part chorus *à capella* and double pianissimo. The last of the choral movements, "We believe that Thou shalt come," is by far the most majestic. It defies analysis in the space available, but towards the end, where military drums support the well-marked rhythm, and the double drum, cymbals, organ, and full orchestra subsequently unite, the effect is in the highest degree imposing. The orchestral march, "Pour la Présentation des Drapeaux" which follows, does not properly belong to the *Te Deum*, and it dangerously suggests anticlimax. Too much praise can hardly be offered Mr. Manns for the admirable manner in which this fine work was rendered.

CARL ROSA OPERA.—M. Massenet, accompanied possibly by M. Gounod and M. Ambroise Thomas, is expected in London next month, for the final rehearsal of *Manon*, which with Madame Marie Roze as the heroine, is at present fixed for May 5.—*Fidelio*, with Madame Marie Roze, an admirable Leonora; and *The Lily of Killarney*, a fine performance of which was given with Madame Burns as Eily, and Mr. Crotty as Danny Mann, were both heard on Saturday.—On Tuesday Mr. Thomas's *Nadeshda* was performed a second time. Its merits and its defects are now abundantly apparent. Mr. Thomas seems unable to rise to genuine dramatic power when the occasion demands, he does not attempt a legitimate operatic finale, and his score, framed for the most part on the French model, induces in his audience that feeling of fatigue which must ever accompany a mere imitation of a feeble school. Had Mr. Thomas been content with simple *opéra comique*, in the highest and true sense of the term, the result might have been different. In the mean time the composer seems at his best when he most depends

upon his own resources. Thus the opening chorus in the first act, and the love duet, two movements of the ballet-music, the concerted piece and baritone song in the second act, are not surpassed by anything in the opera. After the second act there is a steady falling-off. The performance was admirable. Madame Valleria's fine conception of the titular character has not been surpassed by anything this great artist has yet attempted. Mr. M'Guckin sings and acts the part of the hero to the life, and Mr. Crotty's fine voice tells well in the unpleasant part of the villain. The shares of Mr. Randegger and Mr. Harris in the production it would be well nigh impossible to praise too highly.

DECEASED.—We regret to announce the death last Thursday of Mr. Arthur Howell, husband of Madame Rose Hersee, and himself a well-known contra-bass player, vocalist, conductor, and once stage manager of the Carl Rosa troupe. He was son of the late Mr. James Howell, the famous double-bass player, and was in his fiftieth year.—The death is also announced, on the 8th inst., at the age of sixty-four, of Mr. Emmons Hamlin, of the Boston firm of Mason and Hamlin. There is a dispute as to who was the inventor of the free reed instrument now known as the American organ, but Mr. Hamlin was indisputably one of its first introducers, and he was the patentee of several valuable improvements.—Herr Ludwig Norman died at Stockholm on March 28th, aged fifty-four. He was a pupil of Lindblad, Hauptman, Moscheles, Gade, and Schumann, but since 1858 he has practised as professor and conductor at Stockholm. He wrote an oratorio, *Die Könige in Israel*, a symphony, and other works, and was the husband of Madame Norman Néruda, the famous violinist.—The deaths are also announced at Dresden, aged sixty-five, of Aloys Tausig, a pianist, and father of the celebrated Carl Tausig; at Berlin, aged eighty, of J. J. Schneider, professor, organist, and composer of an oratorio, *Luther*, and of a large number of songs; at Brussels, aged forty-two, of Mlle. Alice Bernardi, the opera singer; at Paris, of Mlle. Marie Deschamps, the well-known organist; at Leipzig, aged sixty-eight, of Walthar Goethe, grandson of the poet, the holder of many of his posthumous works, and as a musician pupil of Mendelssohn; and at Windsor, of Mr. Henry Barnby, bass in the Royal Choir at St. George's Chapel.

CONCERTS.—Señor Sarasate gave his first violin concert on Saturday, with a poor programme, including the Second Concerto of Max Bruch, and some show pieces. He was warmly received by a crowded house.—On Monday the Hackney Choral Association performed Mr. Cowen's cantata, *St. Ursula*, and some new pieces by Mr. Prout and others.—On Tuesday the South London Choral Association attempted a cantata, *The Last Sign of the Moor*, by an amateur, who wisely veils his identity under the nom de guerre of "Charles Thane." The story is founded on Washington Irving's tale of the Moorish Emperor Boabdil, who on the summit of the Hill of Tears took his last view of Granada. The music is a sad mixture of styles, and the composer had but little to thank his chorus for. It is hoped this once-promising choir will soon be heard in better work.—Concerts have also been announced by Mr. W. Henry Thomas (*The Rose of Sharon*), the Royal Academy Students, Mr. Carter's choir, Madame Sainton's pupils, the Fiske Jubilee Singers, Mr. Betjemann, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The Duke of Edinburgh is expected to play at the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society's Concert at the Albert Hall, May 2nd.—The Richter Concerts will begin on Monday.—Portions of the inaugural cantata will be performed at the private view of the new Albert Palace at Battersea on Saturday.—An alleged "Symphony" by Wagner will shortly be performed under Sgambati at Rome.—Herr Richter has been offered the post of conductor of the German operas in New York next winter.—Wagner's correspondence from 1830 to 1883, edited by Herr Kastner, will be published next month at Vienna.—It is understood the project to perform Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* six times in one week at Covent Garden has been abandoned.—Although a season of Italian opera at Covent Garden under Mr. Mapleson is confidently expected, we have reason to believe that as recently as Wednesday no contract for the hire of the theatre had been exchanged.—We are authorised to state that Señor Sarasate and not Herr Joachim, has been retained to play Mr. Mackenzie's new violin concerto at the Birmingham Festival.



BOTH Houses of Parliament have met at the accustomed hour and separated at the average time. A certain amount of business has been transacted, and the columns of the Parliamentary report have been filled. But the centre of interest has remained unvaried, and has been touched much about the same hour of the sitting. It is at question time that the House fills up, and all eyes are turned towards the Treasury Bench. As to what may follow members do not greatly care, and when the question hour is closed the benches empty. Every night Mr. Ashmead Bartlett comes up with his batch of questions, which he truculently shakes in the face of the Prime Minister, who, unfortunately, is not able to deal with the irrepressible Member for Eye as Mr. Disraeli would have done. Every evening Sir Stafford Northcote, cheered and sustained by the angry Premier, feebly asserts his position, and puts the critical question which Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has already formulated. Mr. Gladstone now habitually declines to make his reply at Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's bidding, waiting till the slower movements of the Leader of the Opposition bring him to the front. This has suggested to Mr. Bartlett a flash of humour peculiarly appropriate at this grave crisis. Sometimes he satirically asks the Premier whether he would rather the question were put by the Leader of the Opposition. This he varies by the observation that he will postpone his question until he has heard what the Premier says in reply to Sir Stafford Northcote. Apart from what is due to this kind of trifling with a question that involves the issues of peace and war, it is a little marvellous to hear Conservative gentlemen laughing at, and even uproariously cheering, an impertinence levelled directly at the position of Sir Stafford Northcote.

By a happy chance Mr. Ashmead Bartlett was absent on Tuesday, and there was nothing to detract from the solemnity of the scene. It was known that the Premier was about to introduce the Vote of Credit, in itself, in ordinary circumstances, the immediate precursor of a Declaration of War. But there was another circumstance within the knowledge of the House which deepened the gravity of the situation. On Monday Mr. Gladstone had stated that a telegram had reached the Government from General Lumsden, in which he maintained his earliest version of the affair at Penjdeh, consequently contradicting the Russian statements. It was whispered that the longer and more detailed despatch awaited by the Government had reached London. This was a document that literally contained within its four corners the issue of peace or war, and the Government, withstanding heated appeals to take immediate action on the fragmentary information at their disposal, had resolutely declined to form a judgment till they had the whole of the evidence before them. They had telegraphed to General Lumsden asking for particulars. If these confirmed the strong suspicion that Russia, in attacking Penjdeh, had performed an aggressive act, it would be necessary that due reparation should be made. The full despatch,

Mr. Gladstone announced on Tuesday night, had reached the Government, and its text would forthwith be circulated in print. There was something in the tone of his voice which carried conviction that General Lumsden's despatch confirmed the worst anticipations.

In grave silence the crowd of members, filling every seat on the floor of the House, overflowing into the galleries, and forming a link with the throng piled up seat after seat in the strangers' galleries, watched the Premier, as, with a light step, he passed down the floor of the House, bringing in the Vote of Credit. No cheer greeted him when he rose, nor were there throughout his speech any noisy demonstrations of feeling. There are times when the House, or alternate sides of it, will uproariously cheer, as, for example, when Mr. Ashmead Bartlett pokes small impertinences at the Leader of the Opposition. There are other times when emotion is deeply stirred, and yet remains inarticulate. Tuesday night belonged to the latter category, and only twice was the silence broken by a cheer. Once the applause came from the Conservative side, when the Premier, in slow emphatic tones, said, "We have reviewed our military position, and feel it necessary at the present moment to hold all those resources, including the forces in the Soudan, available for service wherever they may be required." It was now the turn of the Liberals to cheer, and they did it with unusual energy when the Premier, in the next sentence, explained that the vote being asked for did not include any provision of money for further offensive operations in the Soudan, nor for any military preparations with the view to an early advance upon Khartoum. That, it was perceived, meant nothing more nor less than the withdrawal of the troops from the Soudan and the abandonment of the march to Khartoum, which to some members seemed to be of itself compensation for the great money sacrifice to which they were now invited.

The largeness of the Vote of Credit, 11,000,000*l.*, at first struck the House with marvel. But upon reflection it was seen that it did not actually far exceed expectation. Four-and-a-half millions was on account of expenses incurred in the Soudan. These would have to be met whether Russia threatened war or forebore, and there remained on account of complications on the Afghan Frontier a vote of six-and-a-half millions. Up to Tuesday afternoon common expectation had been that a vote of six millions would be asked in order to prepare for war with Russia, and thus the actual figure did not far exceed the estimate. But if the Government had asked for twenty millions it would have been voted, if not cheerfully, at least uncomplainingly. It was pleasant to see how, before this danger threatening the common country, all parties closed up shoulder to shoulder. Even the Parnellites were decently silent, whilst Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking for the Conservatives, intimated their readiness to support the Government. Lord Randolph Churchill had threatened to open a debate at this stage; but he thought better of it, and within the space of twenty minutes the proceedings closed as quietly, and with as perfect an absence of emotion, as when they had opened.

Tuesday night saw the Seats' Bill happily through Committee. It had been worked down to the schedules relating to Irish divisions, and there would have been for ordinary people extreme difficulty in making the few amendments left last over the night. The Parnellites commenced by their familiar tactics. Mr. Healy proposed an arrangement differing from that set forth in the Bill. Sir Charles Dilke, for reasons stated, declined to accept the amendment. Several Parnellites spoke, and having thus got through an hour they moved to report progress. If this move had been fully carried out there would have been a clear quarter of an hour lost. But there is one little weapon in the disappointing armoury of the New Rules which the Parnellites had forgotten, but which Sir Arthur O'Way happily remembered. He called upon members objecting to his ruling that the "Noes had it," to stand up, and, there being only seventeen, he was able to settle the matter without troubling the Committee to divide. The Parnellites, finding themselves thus checkmated, did not attempt that game again. But a little later Mr. Callan patriotically attempted to bully the Chairman, who, after a short sharp struggle, proved too much for him, and he subsided. Thus it came to pass that by eleven o'clock the whole thing was over, and this important Bill with its curious history passed its most critical and laborious stage. After this the Irish members came to the fore again, led by the indomitable Mr. Biggar, who proposed a resolution withdrawing from the Speaker or the Chairman of Committees the right to initiate the imposition of the Closure. Before he had proceeded ten minutes through his remarks Mr. Biggar was himself the victim of the only effective portion of the Closure machinery, the House being counted out.

Wednesday was a great day for private members. Owing to discussion on the Irish Registration Bill collapsing, the full list of measures following came on, and many of them, in the astonishment of the moment, were advanced a stage without opposition. This is, however, of little practical consequence, as they have no chance of making further progress in this Parliament.



SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE Spring Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery, though in general merit not above the accustomed level, contains a few works of more than ordinary interest. Foremost among them is Mr. Whistler's full length of "Señor Pablo de Sarasate," called also "An Arrangement in Black." This seems to us the best male portrait that the artist has produced. Together with the broad simplicity of effect and rich harmony of low-toned colour not often absent from his works of the kind, it shows rare power of characterisation. The pose of the figure is excellent, the head and the slender hands nervously grasping the violin are full of expressive energy, and admirably painted. Mr. Whistler also sends several very slight, but suggestive, out-door studies in water-colour. The little view of "Dordrecht" is especially noteworthy for its picturesque beauty and purity of tone. Mr. John Burr's picture of an old Scotchwoman telling the fortune of a graceful girl, "A Peep into the Future," is distinguished by sound workmanship and great beauty of colour, but is on a larger scale than the subject justifies. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's keen perception of character and power of expression are shown in a large picture of three priests examining a huge folio in a convent library, "Bookworms." The figures are well grouped, and the picture is free from the crudity of manner we have noticed in some of the painter's recent works.

Mr. John Charlton is seen to great advantage in "Playmates," representing a richly-furnished room of the last century, inhabited by a graceful girl, two dogs, a cat, and some kittens. The animals are full of vitality, and admirably painted; the human figure, too, is animated and natural in movement. But what chiefly distinguishes the picture from the artist's previous work is its powerful but finely modulated colour and general harmony of effect. These qualities are conspicuously absent from a large picture of an artist placing a flower in the hair of his model, "A Fancy Portrait," by a recently elected member of the Society—Mr. T. C. Gatch. The face of the girl is neither beautiful nor expressive, and her attitude is singularly

ungraceful; the figures are arranged without any regard to pictorial beauty of composition, and the colour is common-place and crude. Mr. J. R. Reid has a farmyard scene, "Ducklings," not entirely free from his prevailing mannerism, but forcibly painted, and very sunny in effect. Mr. E. Ellis sends several fresh and vigorously painted sea pictures, a little too black in the shadows, but strongly suggestive of nature, of which "A Mussel Boat, Conway," strikes us as the best. In a large picture of moorland and mountain, "A Stormy Day," Mr. W. Picknel has rendered a beautiful and very transient effect with great ability. The colour is of fine quality, and the handling broad and firm. Another good landscape, remarkable for its atmospheric truth and sound workmanship, is Mr. S. Salisbury Tuckerman's "Village of Katwyk ann Zee." Some excellent pictures of animals by Mr. J. S. Noble and Mr. J. Emms; and good landscapes in their accustomed styles by Mr. J. Peel, Mr. A. East, Mr. Leslie Thompson, Mr. J. E. Grace, and Mr. Anderson Hague, are included in the collection.

THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—Amateur photography has now become such a favourite and fashionable pursuit, that its votaries are to be found in every class of society and in all parts of the world. Many of our illustrations of events in out-of-the-way corners of the globe are engraved from photographs taken by amateurs who, travelling either for duty or pleasure, have taken a small camera with them for simple amusement. Frequently, also, their productions are equal from a technical point of view, and often superior in artistic merit to those executed by professional photographers. In the holiday season, whether in Norway, Switzerland, Italy, or even Morocco, the amateur photographer may be met with, his little brown case slung round his shoulders, ready for the first picturesque bit of scenery or architecture that may present itself. It is scarcely surprising, therefore, that the Amateur Photographic Exhibition (103, New Bond Street) has proved to be a striking success. The Gallery is full to repletion of views from all parts of the world, of artistically posed portraits, of picturesque sketches of architecture from Canterbury to Delhi, and of what we may call "picture-photographs." Of these last, some "Pompeian Groups," by C. P. and B. Downing, evidently composed after Mr. Alma Tadema's well-known style, are, to our mind, the best things in the Exhibition, and are well worthy of imitation by those who would raise photography from a mere copying process to the dignity of an art. In rural scenes the gold medal offered by the proprietors of the *Amateur Photographer* (for amateurs now have a journal all to themselves) has been worthily awarded to the Rev. H. B. Hare for his "Meeting of the Waters"—one of the most charming reflections of trees we have ever seen. Another fine piece of woodland work is "Under a Spreading Chestnut Tree," by E. Brightman, who has worthily gained the Cycling Prize; while, turning to figure subjects, Lord Walter Campbell has carried off one of the medals offered by the London Stereoscopic Company, to whose initiative, indeed, the exhibition is due. Lord Walter's portraits of Mrs. Finney should be a lesson to many a professional. In animal subjects there is nothing to compare with Mr. C. J. Hinxman's "Some Old Friends at the Zoo." His Polar bear just glistening from his bath is exceedingly lifelike. A marvel of instantaneous work is a "Flash of Lightning Taken at Sea on Board H.M.S. *Neptune*," by F. M. Puddicombe, R.N., the best lightning photograph we ever remember. In flower work, Mr. Henry Stevens's "Studies" (gold medal), will doubtless inspire many a lady amateur to immortalise the contents of her conservatory. There are many other examples of good work which we should like to mention did space permit, and we may say that the exhibition compares exceedingly favourably with the autumn show of the Photographic Society. Of course, as might be expected, there is plenty of rubbish, but there is far more novelty, and a commendable scarcity of those wearisome and stereotyped frames of portraits which make a gallery look like a fashionable photographer's waiting-room.

MESSRS. J. HOGARTH AND SONS are exhibiting at 96, Mount-street, Grosvenor Square, a series of landscape drawings in water-colour by Richard Parkes Bonington. A very large proportion of them seem to have been painted at an early period of his brief career. Some are mere tentative efforts, showing no individuality of style, and none of the facility of handling that constitutes a distinguishing characteristic of his more mature work. Among those of later date are a richly coloured and vigorous sketch of the leaning towers at Bologna; and a spacious view of "Dordrecht," resembling in its combined strength and refinement the early water-colour work of Turner.

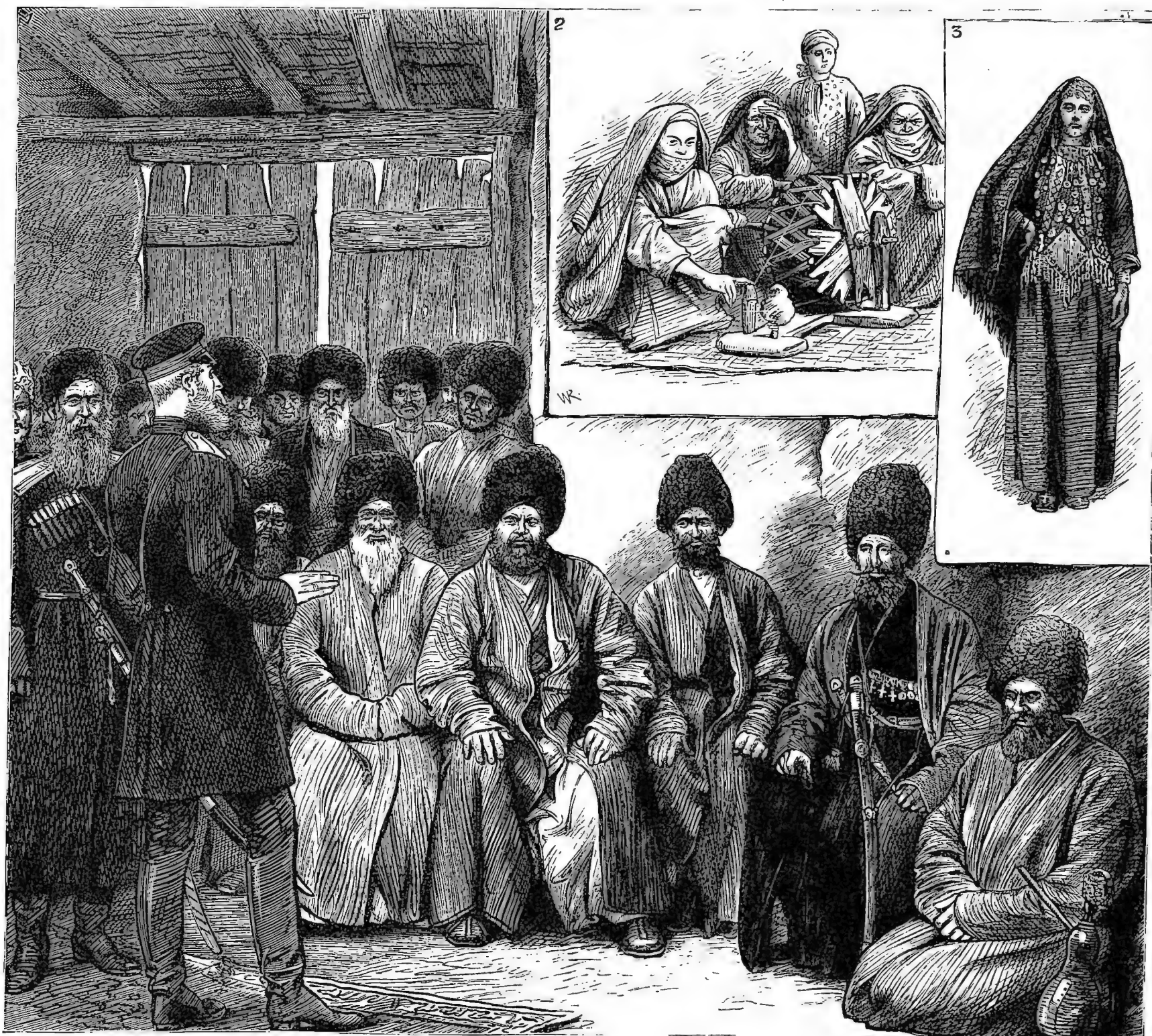


THE exaggeration and lack of truth which are generally discernible in "Ouida's" stories of terribly wicked and fascinating heroines may be said to be increased threefold in the dramatised version of that lady's "Puck," brought out at the OLYMPIC Theatre on Saturday evening under the title of *Heartless*. Whether it be that the novelist is not here to dazzle and overawe us with her ornate descriptions and psychological expositions, or whatever else may be the cause, her diabolical peasant girl, turned actress and courtesan, when transferred to the stage strives in vain to convince us of her mysterious attractions and irresistible power of converting honest young gentlemen into hardened criminals. She figures, indeed, simply as a repulsive person; nor is Miss Florence Wade, who plays this part, able to render her motives and proceedings even conceivable. It is sad to see an actor so capable, and, we may add, at times so powerful, as Mr. Kyrle Bellow enacting the part of the hero of so foolish a play. Some commiseration is also due to Miss Eva Sothern, Mr. Lyndal, and Miss C. Meade, who played minor parts efficiently; still more to the audience, who sat through the four acts on Saturday evening with a patience which did not finally break down till the fall of the curtain. It is fair to say that "Ouida" is understood to have had no hand, direct or indirect, in this version of her novel.

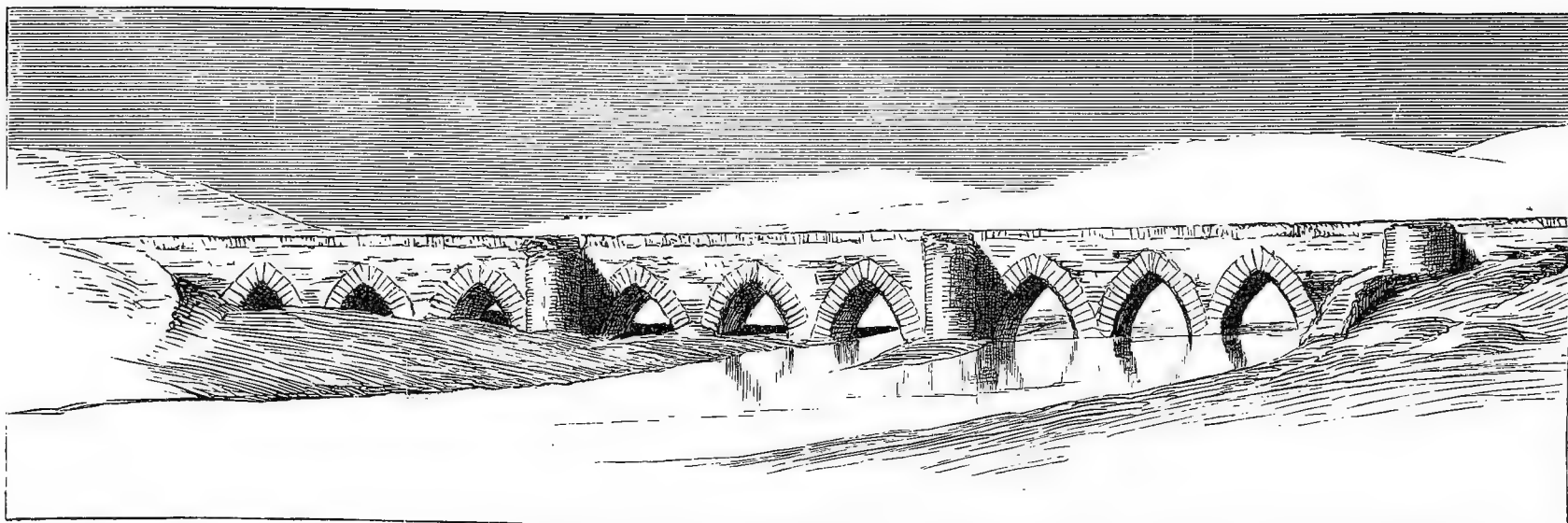
The late Mr. Byron's farcical comedy, entitled *Open House*, produced at a *matinée* at the VAUDEVILLE, and already transferred to the evening bill at that house, has proved a striking success. It is likely to be remembered, as furnishing a noteworthy example of the difficulty which managers often experience in forecasting the fate of a piece in manuscript. For three years past this amusing picture of the inconveniences of universal hospitality has, we believe, been in the possession of Mr. Thorne, who meanwhile has brought out piece after piece, scarcely one of which has enjoyed even a moderate degree of success. Yet *Open House* is provided with a part written expressly for Mr. Thorne, and played by him so admirably that his Jack Alabaster is likely to count among his most successful impersonations. The comedy, indeed, provides abundant opportunity for the exercise of the talents of the Vaudeville company. The passages of dialogue between Mr. William Farren and Miss Kate Phillips, and the situations in which Miss Cavalier, Mr. J. R. Crawford, Miss Cissy Graham, and Mrs. Canninge are prominently engaged afford boundless amusement.



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—THE NIGHT AFTER THE ATTACK ON BAKER'S ZERIBA, MARCH 22
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP



1. A Russian Officer Negotiating with Turkoman Chiefs.—2. Turkoman Women, with Spinning Wheel, Near Ashkhabad.—3. A Tekkè Beauty in Festal Array.
THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY—WITH THE RUSSIANS IN CENTRAL ASIA



THE AFGHAN FRONTIER DIFFICULTY—PUL-I-KHISTI ("BRIDGE OF BRICKS") WHERE GENERAL KOMAROFF ATTACKED THE AFGHANS
FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER WITH SIR PETER LUMSDEN



1. Early Morning Parade at Sydney.—2. Soudan Volunteer Artillery.—3. Soudan Volunteers at Paddington Barracks, Sydney.—4. Some Types of the Force.
THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—WITH THE AUSTRALIAN CONTINGENT AT SYDNEY

Mr. Irving's announcement that henceforth seats in the pit and gallery at the LYCEUM will be numbered like those in more expensive parts of the house, marks the commencement of a very proper and necessary reform. Crowds at the pit and gallery doors are, it is true, well known to be welcome sights in the eyes of managers and popular actors. "Pray open the doors, for the crowd is half across Piccadilly," said Mr. Arthur Smith one day to his brother, the late Mr. Albert Smith, during the early days of the latter's popular entertainment at the Egyptian Hall. "Half across Piccadilly is as good as half a column in the *Times*," was the shrewd reply. But there is really no just reason why the enthusiastic playgoers who frequent pits and galleries should be doomed to perform this penance if they are willing to take seats in advance. All places should, in fact, be secured instead of being scrambled for; and fairness seems to require that they should be sold on the old homely, but sensible principle of "first come, first served"—that is, the best seats should go to the earliest applicants; though we are well aware that Mr. Irving has made bitter complaint of the inconveniences and vexations which he has experienced in America at the hands of bold speculators, who have been in this way enabled to traffic in seats for important occasions.

Miss Mary Anderson's long, and, on the whole, very prosperous engagement at the Lyceum comes to an end this evening, when she will appear for the last time in *Pygmalion and Galatea* and *Comedy and Tragedy*. The theatre will then remain closed till Saturday next, when Mr. Irving and the Lyceum company, returned from their long wanderings in the New World, will appear once more in *Hamlet*.

Mr. Mark Telford's "farical tragedy," lately produced at a morning performance, under the title of *A Reign of Terror*, is now transferred to the evening bill at the AVENUE Theatre. It is a droll piece of extravagance, based upon the ludicrous idea of a nervous gentleman who believes himself, and is believed, to have shot a harmless intruder upon his premises, when, in fact, he has only shot a fifth of November Guy Fawkes. The complications that ensue lend themselves effectively to extravagance and mock heroics, and are in truth very diverting. The success of the piece owes much to the exertions of Mr. Charles Groves in the part of the rash and unfortunate cause of the motive of the story.

The Excursion Train, at the OPERA COMIQUE, has already given place to a revival of *The Gunner*, originally produced at the Vaudeville Theatre some years ago. The humours of this long farce are somewhat forced; but Mr. James's impersonation of the deaf old boat builder furnishes, as heretofore, much entertainment.

The farewell revival of *Ours*, announced for this evening at the HAYMARKET Theatre, seems unhappily only too likely to have that *à propos* character which was evidently expected for it. It will be remembered that it has some stirring scenes connected with the departure of our troops during our last war with Russia; not to speak of the famous hut and snow scene in the Crimea, which, in spite of all cavils on the score of its improbability, is always very successful. Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, we need hardly say, resume their old parts.

The death of Mr. Charles Kelly, at the comparatively early age of forty-six, will be very generally regretted, both by the public and by his brother performers. By this event Miss Ellen Terry, who it will be remembered married Mr. Kelly during the period when they were acting together, in *New Men and Old Acres*, at the Court Theatre a few years ago, is left a widow. Mr. Kelly's peculiar gift as an actor lay in his power of expressing passion without that visible effort which is suggestive of weakness rather than strength of feeling. He was the son of a Newcastle clergyman, and was originally in the army. His real name was Wardell.

The STRAND Theatre, which has been conducted of late in a somewhat restless and fickle fashion, returns this evening to its old attraction, *The Widow Hunt*, with Mr. J. S. Clarke, the American comedian, in his amusing impersonation of Major Wellington de Boots. Mr. Clarke will also appear in another character, in a farce called *Sudden Thoughts*. Mr. H. B. Conway, having no part in Mr. Pinero's new farcical comedy at the COURT Theatre, will temporarily transfer his services to the Strand.

At the BRITANNIA there has been produced a piece entitled *Home Once More*, by Mr. Lane Crauford, which abounds in those exciting scenes which, either at the East or West End, gratify modern audiences. The basis of the story is a false charge of bigamy, and the great sensational scene is the destruction of a vessel by means of dynamite. Mr. J. B. Howe sustained the rôle of the hero with considerable energy, while Miss Elsie Grey was a pretty and pleasing heroine.

We are asked to state that there is no foundation for the rumour that an agreement is in existence between Mr. Clement Scott, the dramatic critic, Mr. Wilson Barrett, the popular actor and manager, and Mr. Samuel French, the well-known publisher and proprietor of dramatic copyrights, in the nature of a dramatic and literary partnership.

It appears that the comic drama written by Mr. Byron in his last illness for Mr. Toole was never quite finished. It is being completed according to the author's known design by Mr. Ashby Sterry, whose "Boudoir Ballads" are known to all admirers of witty and graceful verse.

Wednesday next is the date fixed for the production of the English version of *Clara Soleil* at the COMEDY Theatre.



THE SERVICE at the Consecration of the two new Bishops of Exeter and Lincoln in St. Paul's begins at 11 A.M. to-day, Saturday.

THE DEATH is announced, in his seventy-seventh year, of the Rev. J. W. Blakesley, Dean of Lincoln, an amiable, dignified, and scholarly ornament of the fast-vanishing school of University Ecclesiastics as it was before the rise of the Tractarian and Broad Church movements. The son of a merchant of London, where he was born in 1808, and educated at St. Paul's School, he went from it to Trinity College, Cambridge, of which, after achieving some Academic distinction, he was elected a Fellow, and became a tutor. He was twice Select Preacher to the University, and his two courses of sermons preached in that capacity were published as "Conciones Academicæ." In 1837 appeared his scholarly "Life of Aristotle." In 1845 he was presented to the College living of Ware, in Hertfordshire, and in 1872, during Mr. Gladstone's first Premiership, he was made Dean of Lincoln, having in the interval been an unsuccessful candidate for the Regius Professorship of Divinity, and re-used that of Modern History, at Cambridge. In 1854 he contributed to the "Bibliotheca Classica" an excellent edition of Herodotus, and in 1859 he published a book of travel, "Four Months in Algeria, with a Visit to Carthage." In 1863 he was appointed a Canon of Canterbury. He was also a member of the original Company of New Testament Revisers. Neither before nor after his elevation to the Deanery of Lincoln did he play any part in the ecclesiastical or other controversies of his time.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has given his opinion on the dispute respecting the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral referred to his arbitrament. The Primate regards as most essential a recon-

struction of the Executive Committee, with its number reduced from fifty to seventeen, of which the Dean and four Canons should be members *ex officio*, the Dean and Chapter appointing four others, the remaining eight to be appointed by the subscribers, or by the General Committee representing them. The whole process of restoration would be determined by this Committee, with a sub-committee of three on the spot to carry out its decisions; and the present claim of the residentiary Canons to control all the proceedings would lapse. The Archbishop states his individual opinion to be in favour of the scheme of restoration advocated by Professor Freeman, and consisting mainly of a replacement of the Pointed arches of A.D. 1380 instead of the substitution of Norman arches for Pointed as advocated by Sir Edmund Beckett.

THERE WERE SPECIAL SERVICES IN YORK MINSTER ON SUNDAY on behalf of the Egyptian War and Gordon Memorial Funds. Large sums were collected for both. The General commanding the Northern Military Division and the troops quartered in the neighbourhood were present. A novelty in the Minster services was the participation of military bands, who accompanied the organ in the anthem, "Be not thou greatly moved," said to be Gordon's watchword, and in the processional hymn, "Onward, Christian soldiers."

THE SECOND of the series of Popular Sunday Entertainments, formerly mentioned in this column as organised by the Vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, was given in the parish-room under his presidency after the conclusion of the Evening Service last Sunday. Among the recitations was that of the Laureate's "May Queen," by Mrs. Bernard Beere, who may be thus repaying the new interest taken by a section of the clergy in the conditions and prospects of the histrionic profession.

PRESIDING IN THE ABSENCE OF LORD SHAFTESBURY at the eleventh annual meeting of the Christian Colportage Association, Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., appealed for financial aid, there being a heavy deficit in the past year's revenue account. The Society's colporteurs, nearly a hundred in number, labour in and around London, in twenty English counties and in Wales, visiting besides towns 1,000 villages regularly every month, to diffuse cheap and wholesome literature. In very many of these places there is no other systematic missionary visitation, and the operations of the Society are threatened with curtailment by want of funds.

A MONUMENT, ERECTED BY SUBSCRIPTION, of the late Dr. Robert Moffat, the well-known South African Missionary, and father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone, has been unveiled at his birthplace, Ormiston, in East Lothian. At the subsequent banquet "The Memory of Dr. Robert Moffat" was proposed by a representative of the London Missionary Society, who said that his name was perhaps the greatest in the roll of that energetic Association.



THE SEASON is becoming more favourable, and the recent rainfall, although not sufficient, has proved very refreshing to vegetation. The autumn wheat looks decidedly backward, but it has kept a healthy colour, and is now beginning to grow again. March appeared to arrest all vegetable growth, and the fields looked no more forward at the beginning of April than they did at the end of February. The barley sowings of this early spring have been effected under unusually favourable conditions. A loose surface and a strong undersoil should afford this crop the great advantage of an excellent seed bed. Stimulating warmth and rain is now its only need, for it is already, where early sown, showing through the ground, and promises with suitable weather and management a very healthy growth. Early-sown oats are also beginning to tint the field with a green tinge, but they will not get on much without more rain. Beans are a very good plant, and are in places almost too thick. The pastures are very behindhand, and there is so small a bite to be got off them that feeding stuffs are in unusually active spring request. Potatoes are being planted under favourable conditions, and a small acreage has already been sown with mangold. In the orchard there is a good show for fruit, and, considering the number of night frosts there have been since the beginning of the present month, it is fortunate that the buds are backward instead of precocious in their development. The hedge-row and the copse have still a very wintry look, and primroses were not obtained so easily this year as last. Neither did the blossoms seem to us so fine; although April, 1884, was a very unequal month, the previous March had been stimulating to vegetation. The flower garden is as yet of very little promise. Crocuses and daffodils have suffered from the east winds. The latter is truly, as Mr. Swinburne has it, "a fighting flower," and bears up bravely against the cutting blasts of the early spring. Unfortunately for poetry it loses much of its beauty in the struggle, for the outer edges of the flowers get frayed and torn, and then turn rusty brown in colour. The more slender narcissi have been sorely beaten down.

SIR KENNETH KEMP, addressing a political meeting at Harleston last week, denied that the laws of primogeniture, or settlement, could affect the agricultural interest, which he declared to be suffering from causes which were external to the "reasons" ordinarily given by political agitators. The diminishing corn acreage, the decrease in agricultural capital, the increased expenses of farming, and reduced receipts of produce and products, were dwelt upon as warning us that while we were wrangling as to whether landlord, farmer, or labourer should cultivate the land, it was fast becoming a question as to whether anybody could make a living out of cultivating it. This is, to our mind, a very important question indeed. Create a peasant proprietor, say the Radicals. But would our labourers care to be peasant proprietors? In some recent instances they have declined the offer of land.

A GOOD SIGN on the farm of to-day is the increased attention given to the form of food for cattle. Ill-assimilated and ill-digested food means waste of money to the owner, and waste of power and health for the beast. Food is now given in a much more digestive form than was wont to be the case. Big lumps of cotton-cake, large quantities of sliced turnips, swedes only chopped in four, long straw given by itself, all these things are abominations—and very properly so—in the eyes of the modern farmer, whose remarkable interest in ensilage is largely due to its exceeding palatability, and its character as a food easily and healthily digested by stock. Cotton-cake is now ground down; very commonly roots are pulped, oats and other cereals are soaked in hot water, hay and straw are grown with other food, and never straw given by itself. Agriculture is not a science—pace Mr. Lloyd—but it is strongly asserting its claim to be considered an art.

FARMING SUCCESS, says Mr. Woods of Merton, has principally been accomplished by men without any particular scientific attainments, but possessed of a thoroughly sound, practical knowledge, such as the proper methods of cultivating land, the points and quality of animals, the best kind of stock to buy and breed, and their purchasing and selling values. This last is an especially important matter; because it should not be forgotten that the rent of a farm is easily sacrificed by mismanagement of the live stock

upon it, and by the want of experience in buying and selling. The value of experience is, perhaps, greater in farming than even old farmers themselves think: thus a practised eye in selecting, say ten score hoggets, will mean the difference of 15*l.* to 20*l.* in or out of the purchaser's pocket. No seller can be expected to do this selection for the buyer, even if the old maxim, *Caveat emptor*, were not as true over farming, as it is over commercial transactions.

SURFACE DRESSING should now be applied to refresh and invigorate those shrubs and small bushes on the healthy and flourishing appearance of which a garden depends for its general effect of grace and attractiveness, even more than on its flowers. The most nourishing material consists of equal parts of farmyard manure and good holding soil, well mixed together before it is laid on the ground. Where the best cannot be had, good surface dressing is to be found in the refuse obtained from the cleansing of ditches and ponds, itself a very useful and appropriate thing to have done before the hot weather sets in, as in our variable climate it may during the time between May Day and St. Swithin. The dressing should not be spared. Nearly all shrubs will take a large quantity with advantage.

SALES OF CATTLE during the first three months of 1885 have been for the London district so liberal that the Act of 1884 is seen to have no effect whatever in increasing the price of meat. So far from this being the case, the immunity of disease, and the increase in breeding induced thereby, have caused a fall in price. Meat is cheaper now than it was a year ago, and sales are larger. During the first thirteen weeks of 1885, the metropolitan consumption of meat has taken 347,10 beasts and 144,520 sheep and lambs to satisfy it, whereas 32,570 beasts and 106,490 sheep and lambs sufficed in the same period of 1884. An increase of 7 per cent. in the consumption of beef and of 35 per cent. in that of mutton looks like greater prosperity among the masses of the people. It certainly suggests the way in which the money saved on bread has gone. It should be added that sales at the "Central" bear out the above conclusions, the figures being, 63,334 tons of meat sold this year, against 61,457 tons in the first three months of last year.

THE WELCOME VOICES of cuckoo and nightingale have been heard in Devon this year, about a fortnight earlier than usual.



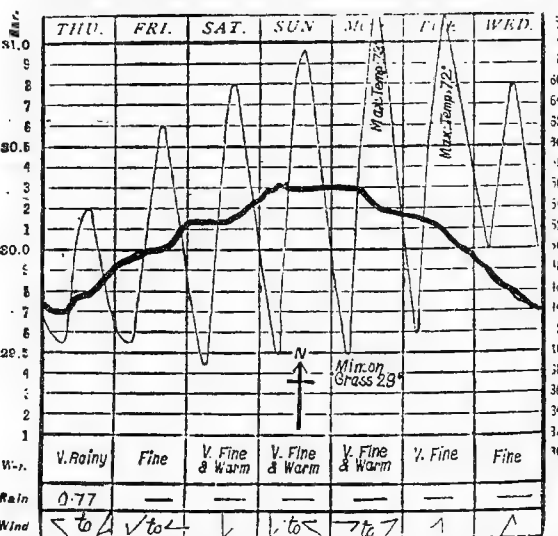
AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT, on Tuesday, the Grand Jury returned a true bill against the suspected dynamitards, Cunningham and Burton, adding a presentment in which they praised the police force generally in connection with the difficulties surmounted in bringing the prisoners to justice, and expressed special approval of the ability displayed by the inspectors and other police witnesses in the case, with a hope that their services would receive due recognition. The trial is to commence on Monday, May 11.

ON THE SAME DAY, in the same Court, the clergyman, formerly chaplain of the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum at Snaresbrook, referred to in our last week's issue, was tried on the charge of libelling the managers of that institution. On his consenting to withdraw the more offensive of his imputations, and promising not to annoy the Committee in future, he was discharged on entering into his own recognisances for 100*l.* to come up for judgment if called on.

THREE OF THE CREW, foreigners, of the British barque *Hazlington*, were tried at the Exeter Assizes this week, by Mr. Justice Hawkins, for manslaughter, the Grand Jury having ignored the bill for wilful murder. Their captain, William Armstrong, having become through drink disordered in his mind, and, when suffering from *delirium tremens*, among other mad acts having discharged a revolver at his men, one of whom died subsequently from injuries thus inflicted, the three prisoners, one of whom was wounded on the occasion, attacked Armstrong, and in course of securing him struck him on the head several blows which proved fatal. At the close of the case for the prosecution the jury stopped its further hearing, and acquitted the prisoners.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather during the past week (with the exception of the first day) has been very fine and warm almost generally. At the commencement of the week pressure was highest over Scandinavia, lowest over the north of Spain, with gradients for light or moderate easterly (south-east to north-east) breezes over our islands. Rain fell in a few places, the amount in London being rather heavy, and much in excess of anything recorded elsewhere. Temperature was low for the season generally. After Thursday (16th inst.) the barometer rose steadily in most places, and by Sunday (19th inst.) an area of high pressure lay over the southern half of the United Kingdom. This system travelled in a southerly direction to France during the remainder of the week. During this time the winds over the more southern half of the United Kingdom slowly shifted from the northward round to the west and south-west, while the sky became clear, and fine bright weather prevailed nearly everywhere. Temperature increased considerably; in London and at Cambridge it rose 19° and 23° respectively between Thursday (16th inst.) and Monday (20th inst.), while at Loughborough the difference was as much as 27° in a shorter interval, between Thursday (16th inst.) and Sunday (19th inst.). During the latter part of the time the weather in the north and west fell into a rather more unsettled condition, the wind blowing with considerable strength from the southward, with some rain. The week closed with a falling barometer generally, and rain in the west, but elsewhere the weather remained fine. The barometer was highest (30.3 inches) on Sunday (19th inst.); lowest (29.6 inches) on Thursday (16th inst.); range, 0.64 inches. Temperature was highest (73°) on Monday (20th inst.); lowest (59°) on Saturday (18th inst.); range, 34°. Rain fell on one day only Thursday (16th inst.), to the amount of 0.77 inches.

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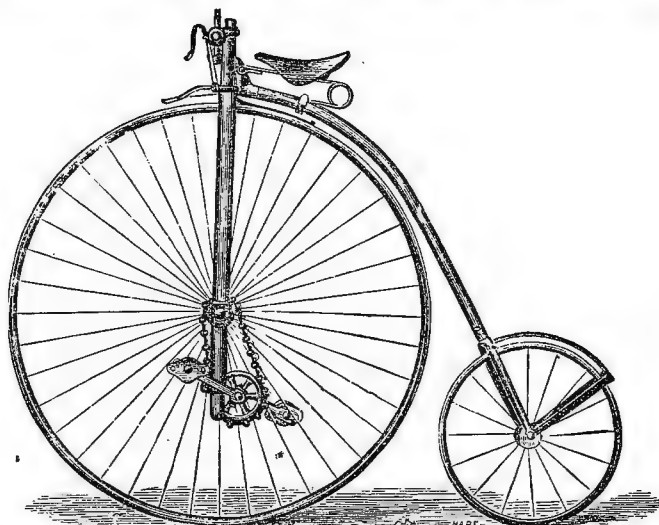
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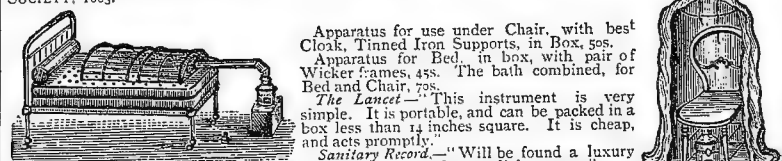
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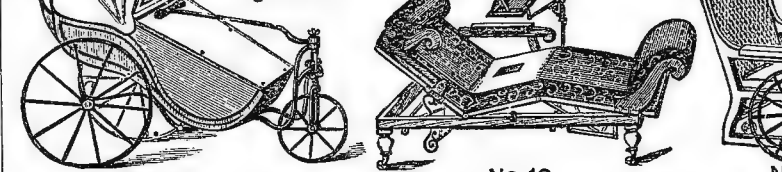
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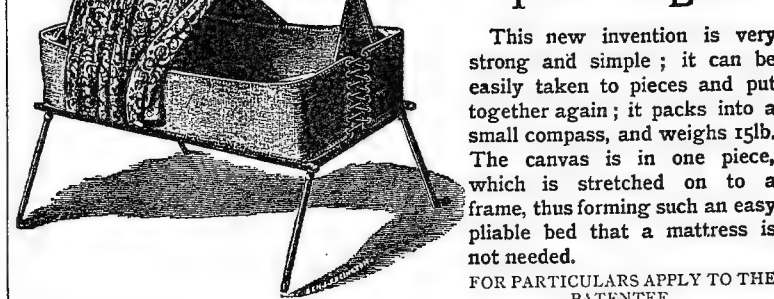
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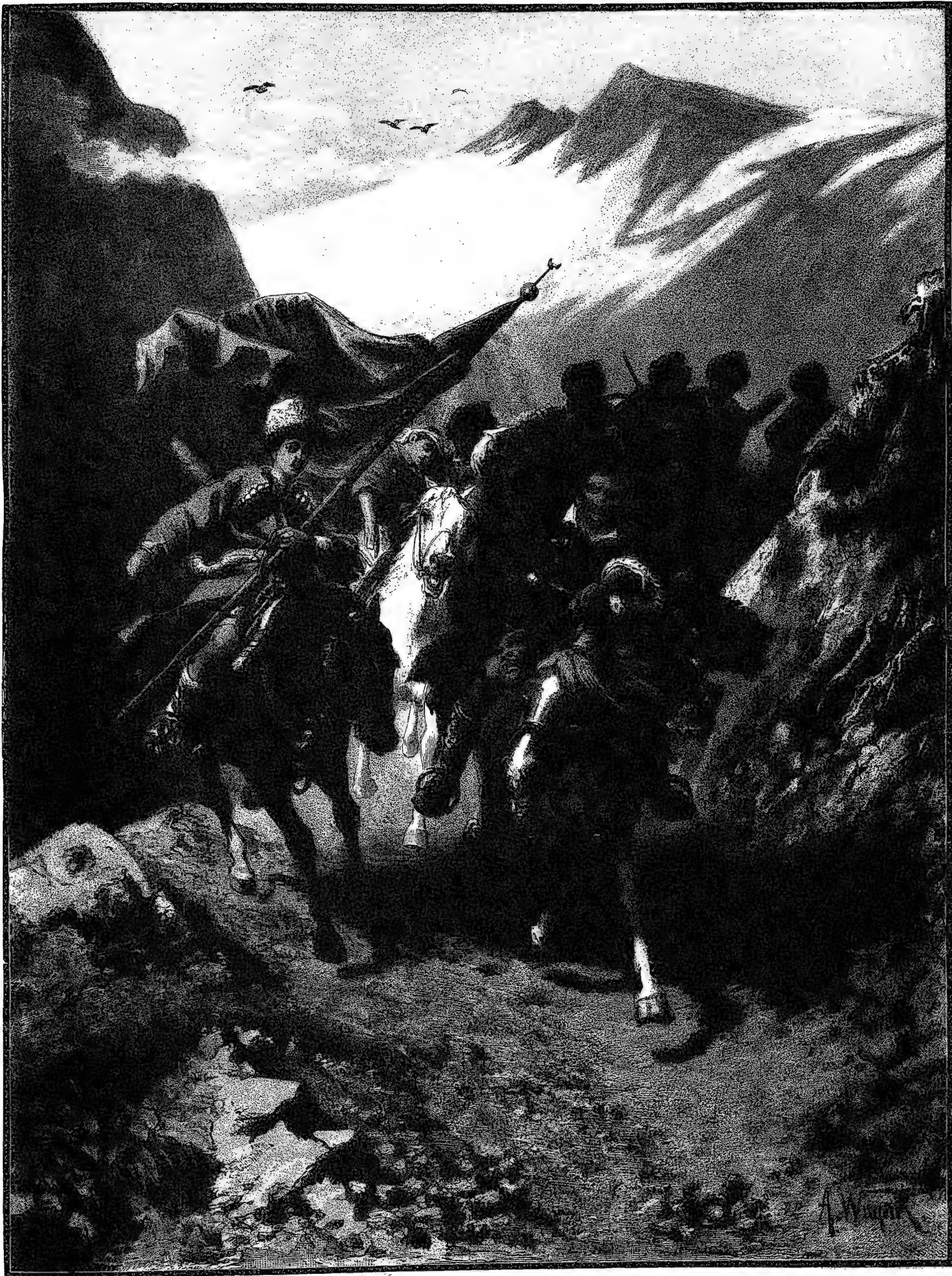
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CURLY: AN ACTOR'S STORY

RELATED BY JOHN COLEMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. DOLLMAN

In Six Parts — Part I.

INDUCTION

ON THE QUEEN'S HIGHWAY



“IKE,” the manager of our little company of strollers, and I, were on the road to Kilmarnock. We had left Greenock for Glasgow, by train—leaving our luggage (there was not much of it) to be sent after us—while we walked on to Paisley, where Pike had a friend in the local tragedian, Mr. Jamieson—popularly known as “Lang Willie”—who would be “good” for a sovereign. Alas! when we got to Paisley, we found “Lang Willie” was “under the weather” himself—and the expected sovereign dwindled down to five shillings—which was the entire amount of his night's share for acting “Bertram,” in the gloomy but powerful tragedy of that name.

When the play was over, Mr. Jamieson took us to his lodgings, gave us a hearty welcome, and a hot supper; after which, I sat and listened while the veterans acted “their young encounters o'er again.” Amidst their pleasant reminiscences, Pike happened to mention the name of “Curly.” At the sound, Jamieson became sad and silent. After a while, Pike inquired—

“Where is he the noo?”

“God knows!” replied the other. “I've not seen him for a month or more. He aye bursts out when the anniversary of that awful time comes round. He generally stays away for a month or six weeks, and comes back without a word, and resumes his life where he left off, just as if nothing had happened. Poor Curly! Poor Flora! But there; what is it Mistress Macbeth says?”

Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

So sup up and clear out—that is, if you mean to go to Kilmarnock to-morrow. Good-bye, young gentleman. I hope you'll be luckier than this weather-beaten old villain and myself. Stick to the ‘text’; study night and day; and, who knows, you may take the world by storm one of these days.”

“I'll try,” I said.

“Good lad!—Good lad!—Remember, ‘there's no such word as fail.’ Good-bye, Pike; good luck to you at Kilmarnock.”

And so we took our leave of “Lang Willie,” and sought our humble hostelry, where ten minutes later I lay fast asleep, not even dreaming of the influence that accidental encounter with Mr. Jamieson, and another, yet to come, were to have on my future destiny.

Next morning, after we had paid our score, we had only eighteen pence left; but what is money when you have youth, health, strength, and ambition? Thank God! I had all these; as for my companion, poor fellow, he had had so many rubs of fortune that he was equal to any fate. By the way, his name was not “Pike” at all; he had merely arrived at that *sobriquet* from his marvellous voracity, and his extraordinary facial resemblance to the pike fish. He had fulfilled one short engagement in Edinburgh or Glasgow some thirty years before I met him, but all the *interregnum* had been passed vagabondising about in halls and barns in the small towns of Scotland. He was always in debt, always in difficulty, but somehow or other he always kept afloat, always kept a light heart, and always had a pleasant word for everybody.

Although it was in the month of May, the snow was on the ground; fortunately for us it had been frozen into a fine crisp consistency. The sun flushed the horizon with a tender violet, lighting the hill-tops with fire, and making the distant road, which lay before us, alive with rubies and emeralds and other precious stones, set in great masses of gold and silver. Of course, when we came up with them, our magic jewels vanished—no, not quite vanished, they had only gone a little further off; and so we followed in their track, just as the people follow in the pursuit of Pleasure in Noel Paton's picture. It was, indeed, a lovely morning, and the young blood ran riot in my veins while the birds chirped and sang to us from every hedge. I was in love with my art, and the present ordeal seemed to me the “rough brake through which greatness must pass.” I flattered myself that I was another Edmund Kean in embryo—besides, was I not about to open at the Theatre Royal, Kilmarnock, in *Romeo*? (Alas! this Theatre Royal turned out to be a barn over a stable!) I was *Romeo* already. I must confess my mind was sorely exercised as to my future Juliet, Miss Madeline Montmorency. Was she short or tall, slim or stout, dark or fair? (I may as well state at once that she turned out to be old enough for my mother, and wore a false “front,” so I think it was called.) I was to have a guinea a week and a benefit, all the receipts, after the shares and stock debt were taken up. So, building these castles in the air, I trotted along, full of the delightful anticipations of youth and hope; while, as for Pike, he was as jolly as usual. About midday we stopped at a farmhouse a little out of the main road, where he negotiated a lunch of oatcake and milk for sixpence out of our little store. When we had done ample justice to our frugal repast he took a pull at his pipe, and then we resumed our journey, beguiling the time with snatches of songs and theatrical reminiscences, of which he had an abundance. Incidentally he mentioned the name of Curly; then he stopped and changed the subject. This reminded me of the hitch in the conversation on the preceding night, so I ventured to inquire who and what “Curly” was. After some hesitation, Pike told me the story I am about to relate—a story remarkable enough under any circumstances, but rendered still more remarkable by an incident which actually occurred during its narration. Had it not been for this strange coincidence the narrative would not have needed this induction.

CHAPTER I.

DONALD'S DÉBUT

As I despair of reproducing Pike's happy knack of spinning a yarn, I must tell his tale in my own prosaic way.

Many years ago Donald Campbell was a Writer to the Signet in Edinburgh. As for his writing, he did nothing but compose verses, and very bad ones they were. He was young, well born, well bred, he did nothing but compose verses, and very handsome, and very idle. “He was the only son of his of pleasant and engaging manners, very handsome, and very idle. “He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow”—left with a small annuity bequeathed by her husband, a distinguished officer, who fell at Waterloo. Donald was an assiduous diner-out, great at balls and parties, played a capital game at billiards, went to the theatre frequently, and sedulously cultivated the acquaintance of the players, amongst whom he posed himself as a man with expectations. In person he was a young Apollo, tall and straight as a dart, fair complexioned, a pure Greek face, straight nose, eyes blue as sapphires and bright as diamonds, a head of sunny hair which fell in a mass of golden curls about his neck. Yes, the hair was very beautiful, but, unfortunately, there was not much worth speaking about under it. His face and his hair were very much admired—the latter obtained for him the *sobriquet* of “Curly,” a cognomen which clung to him throughout his life.

This interesting young gentleman generally began the day by shaking hands with himself, and admiring his handsome face in the glass. Then he condescended to permit the poor fond mother to worship him during his breakfast, after which he sallied out for his morning game of billiards. In the afternoon he sunned himself in Princes Street, “to give the girls a treat,” as he modestly put it. After that an early dinner (in those days late dinners were not in vogue), then the theatre or the dance, whichever presented the greater attraction.

Usually his poor stupid head had room only for one idea; but at last he managed to smuggle in two at one and the same time. His first idea was, on the strength of his handsome face and comely carcass, to make a wealthy marriage. In order to enable him to carry out this highly laudable object, he managed, through his father's name and his mother's influence, to get himself nominated for a cornetcy in the Midlothian Volunteers; and a very pretty figure he made in his uniform whenever he had a chance of airing it. His second, and it must be confessed, most dominant idea was to go on the stage and make his fortune. Others had done so, why should not he?

At that period there were not—at least not in Curly's set—many marriageable young ladies of large fortune, so he contemplated seeking “fresh woods and pastures new.” But there was a difficulty not wholly unconnected with coin of the realm, so he was condemned to vegetate in “Auld Reekie,” at least for the present.

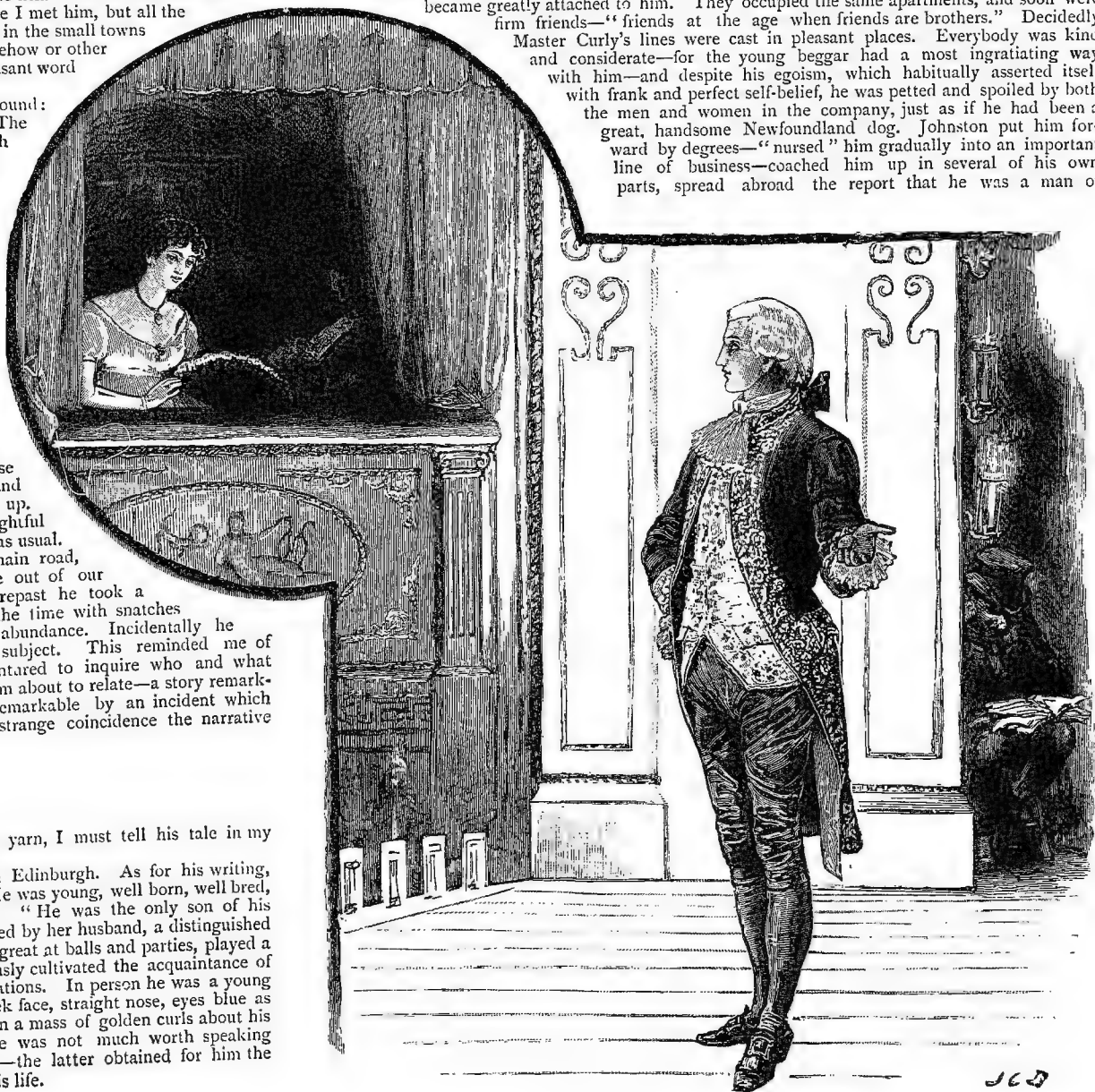
He was now five or six and twenty, and had never done a hand's turn to make himself useful in his life; nor, indeed, had he the slightest intention of so doing. His mission was to be ornamental, and he knew it. Could he only obtain an opportunity of displaying his manly beauty on the stage, the women—heiresses especially—would bow down before and worship him. Sublime inspiration! He would get up an amateur performance for the purpose of providing the Highlanders of the Hebrides with breeches. To illustrate the importance of small clothes, the comedy of *The Belle's Stratagem* was selected, and Curly was to be Doricourt. He had alighted on his feet. He was a born comedian—he had animal spirits in abundance—his laughter was contagious, and he was sublimely and unconsciously impudent. That he was good-looking no one could deny. In fact, when Sir George Touchwood exclaimed, “Confound the dog, how handsome he looks!” every one endorsed the opinion. Next day the blockheads in the papers pronounced him a genius full-fledged—that, in fact, he had only to show himself in London to extinguish Charles Kemble, Elliston, Jones, and the rest of the London players. The resident light comedian was a very distinguished actor, but, of course, he wasn't to compare with the new Doricourt!

Curly's mother, a strict Presbyterian, by no means approved of her darling's disgracing the house of Campbell by exhibiting himself as a stage-player, and several differences of opinion arose between them on the subject. These jangles culminated in a fit of apoplexy, which cut short the old lady's life and his means of living, as, of course, his mother's annuity terminated with her existence. To do the lad justice, he was very fond of his mother, and her loss was a great blow to him. She had left him a small hoard of two or three hundred pounds, which she had scraped together with great difficulty; but he soon made “ducks and drakes” of that, and it was melting away rapidly when Harry Johnston, the “Scotch Roscius,” as he was called, came down from London for a few nights to “star” in his native city. Johnston was a very handsome man and a very fine actor. His acting was a revelation to Curly, who became a red-hot partisan, and distinguished himself by the demonstrative fervour of his admiration. On the last night of his engagement the Roscius intimated that he had been driven out of London in consequence of having taken the liberty to thrash that “fat Adonis of forty,” the Prince Regent, for insulting his (Johnston's) wife, and that he had taken the Theatres at Aberdeen and Dundee, and was now going to settle down in management in his native land. Next day Curly got one of the actors to introduce him to the new manager, and succeeded there and then in obtaining an engagement. He had achieved one step on the road to fortune.

CHAPTER II.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

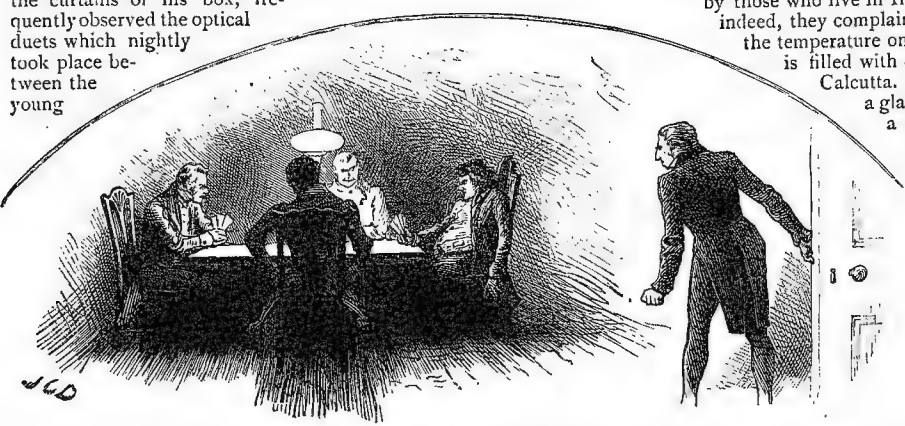
UPON joining the company at Dundee, Donald opened in Doricourt, and at once made a great hit. Now “Lang Willie” was the tragedian of the company. Although the stronger and more manly character, he “cottoned” to Curly at once, and, notwithstanding his frivolity and weakness, became greatly attached to him. They occupied the same apartments, and soon were firm friends—“friends at the age when friends are brothers.” Decidedly Master Curly's lines were cast in pleasant places. Everybody was kind and considerate—for the young beggar had a most ingratiating way with him—and despite his egoism, which habitually asserted itself with frank and perfect self-belief, he was petted and spoiled by both the men and women in the company, just as if he had been a great, handsome Newfoundland dog. Johnston put him forward by degrees—“nursed” him gradually into an important line of business—coached him up in several of his own parts, spread abroad the report that he was a man of



fortune, who had taken to the stage *four passer le temps*, made a friend of him, and took him into society, where he became as great a success socially as he was artistically. At Aberdeen he was even more popular than in Dundee. The ladies admired him especially—indeed, he was the idol of the hour. At that time, before the railways were in existence, the advent of the players in a country town was an important event.

Mr. M'Allister, the factor of the Duke of S—, a man of large wealth and considerable local influence, had an only daughter, who, besides being a great beauty, was an heiress in her own right, being entitled on her majority to an income of ten or twelve thousand a year, bequeathed to her absolutely by her mother. Flora M'Allister was hot-blooded, impetuous, and utterly unconventional. She fell in love with Curly at first sight. Every time he acted she occupied a conspicuous place in the boxes. The popular rumours as to his position in society may probably have increased her infatuation. However that may be, every drop of blood in her veins thrilled at the sound of his voice; she thought of him by day; she dreamed of him by night. On his part, he was attracted by her beauty and her distinguished demeanour, and the first thing he did every night when he came on the stage was to look up to her box.

Flora was by no means a typical Highland girl—not, at least, as we understand them—for she was dark as night, with an abundance of dark brown hair, a beautiful oval face, wonderful large grey eyes, which flashed with fire or melted into tears with equal facility. Her figure was tall and stately, but superbly rounded. "In joining contrasts lieth Love's delight." Naturally the fair-haired Curly's heart went out to this dark-haired beauty. "The eye can be as vocal as the tongue," and though no word had passed between them, they understood each other perfectly. His difficulty, however, was to obtain an introduction, for although Johnston was a frequent visitor at M'Allister's house, he had never once invited Curly to accompany him. M'Allister intended his daughter's hand for his young friend Daniel Deepster, the Laird of Strathmines, whose estate adjoined his own. As for asking the young lady's consent, that was quite superfluous—if she didn't know her own mind, her father did. Johnston, from behind the curtains of his box, frequently observed the optical duets which nightly took place between the young



people; he saw how the land lay, and he thought it his duty as a man of honour to lend no countenance to this sort of nonsense. Love, however, laughs at all precautions—surmounts all obstacles; and, of course, in the fulness of time, Curly and Flora met.

There was a grand ball given at the Assembly Rooms upon some public occasion, and everybody, who was anybody, was there. The belle of the ball beyond dispute was Flora, and it was equally unquestionable that the "swell" of the ball was Curly. Yes, he was decidedly "the star of the goodly company," the cynosure of all eyes—admired by all the women, detested by all the men.

Amongst the former there was but one opinion, "He was all too lovely"—amongst the latter he was the most insolent puppy that ever walked on two legs. Hard words, however, break no bones, and he floated about sublimely *insouciant*, resplendent in his cornet's uniform—his ambrosial locks floating about his brow in a golden nimbus—his head and shoulders towering over everybody. Besides these personal advantages, he was the only man in the place who knew how to handle a woman in a waltz, and as it was a new dance he was consequently the one most in demand. He and Flora had been in the room for three mortal hours, continually meeting, almost touching each other, but never once daring to speak. He only waited his chance. At last it came. Johnston had just finished the Lancers with Miss MacAllister, and they were promenading the room together, when they came face to face with Curly. Before the manager had time to escape Donald requested an introduction, and when the next waltz struck up Flora was whirling about in his arms. It was the old, old story, that has been told a hundred, yea, a hundred thousand times. Of course, they had known each other all their lives, perhaps in some other life, &c. Regardless of everything and everybody, they danced together for the rest of the evening. Society took note of this, and Society was shocked. Johnston shook his head. Mr. Daniel Deepster, who had been selected by Mr. M'Allister as his future son-in-law, was not a dancing party, and he shook his fist furtively, and longed to make it acquainted with Curly's head. Then, for he was "canny," Deepster inquired of Flora "if she didn't feel tired. Might he not order the carriage?" "No, she was not tired, the ball had only just begun, and Mr. Deepster need not order the carriage." So saying she returned to the waltz and to Curly. The Laird of Strathmines was a giant of six feet two, with the eye of a hawk, and the beak of an eagle; a huge chest, a brawny pair of arms, and a fist like a sledge-hammer. A dangerous person when put out of the way. He was put out of the way now. Casting a baleful glare on his rival, he made all sail for the card-room, where he found his father-in-law that was to be in the "nine holes." Obviously he couldn't interrupt him then, but when the rubber was over, and M'Allister had lost the game, through his partner having revoked, Deepster related his grievance to ears already, unfortunately, disposed to anger. The two men returned to the ball room hastily, and sought Flora, who was at that instant about to begin another dance.

"Come, Flora," said M'Allister. "Time's up—carriage is waiting."

"So sorry, papa," she replied, sweetly, "but I'm engaged to Mr. Campbell for the next waltz. Let me introduce him to you."

Curly blandly murmured in his most insinuating manner, "Delighted—delighted—I'm sure." The music struck up and away they went, "pursuing, encircling, caressing." M'Allister's good dazed and dumfounded, at last he muttered,

"Well! D—n his impudence!"

Deepster said nothing, but made up his mind, if ever he got the chance, that he would break every bone in Curly's skin.

During the waltz the lovers arranged their plan of action. Flora's maid, Jeannie M'Pherson, had a brother, a carpenter in the theatre, who could be relied on as a faithful messenger. Having established this trusty medium for communication, the rest was easy.

The dance being over, Curly escorted Flora to her father, but neither the "stern parent" nor his intended son-in-law vouchsafed the slightest recognition as they turned and left the room.

When the M'Allisters reached home, a terrible scene occurred. The old gentleman had had too much wine, or whisky, or both, and he asserted the paternal authority in a manner which set Flora's Highland blood in a flame. She turned round and faced him, giving him almost as good as he sent, and wound up by saying: "At any rate, in three months' time I shall be my own mistress, and free from either coercion or insult!"

The old man replied: "Very well; but till those three months are over you are under my control, and by G—! you don't cross yonder doorstep without my permission. Don't let there be any mistake about that!"

(To be continued)

INDIAN HOTELS

FOR country cousins, and those not to the manner born, there is something very depressing in the sombre surroundings of a London hotel. The everlasting rumble of carriages in the echoing streets, the dreary fogs, the soot, and semi-darkness, are all intolerable at first to persons accustomed to green fields and sunnyskies, and they long for the wings of the dove, to fly away and be at rest. If people in this frame of mind would but close their eyes, and by some exercise of the imagination think of the Arabian Nights' Tales and the hostleries of the Riviera in conjunction, they might find no bad picture in their mind's eye of what an Indian hotel of the first class is really like. As to those of the second class, there are no words in Billingsgate strong enough to describe them. Monster hotels are now everywhere springing up in the East like mushrooms, and there will probably be a great and golden future for their promoters whenever the mild Hindoo discards his customs so far as to prefer a *table d'hôte* dinner to any other. The first thing that strikes a stranger on entering an Indian hotel is the great waste of space; the second the extreme airiness of the rooms and corridors. Crows often fly about the last at their own demoniacal will and pleasure, and with diamond eyes peep at Anglo-Indian *bébes* pulling on their stockings, for the bedrooms are nearly as open as the rest. All this waste of space, however, is well understood by those who live in Indian hotels during the hot weather; indeed, they complain there is not enough of space when the temperature on the stairs is over 100°, and the mind is filled with dismal visions of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Another thing the stranger remarks at a glance is the difference of the guests. In a great hotel in Europe one hardly thinks of the people one sees in the

coffee-room, or meets in the passages; but in an Indian hostelry something—the climate, perhaps—stimulates you to observe your neighbour closely, the more especially that it is obvious he is paying you the like attention. This is one of the few marvels that civilisation has left of the Arabian Nights. In a dining-room full of people—a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, perhaps—it will be something generally known, and between

soup and cheese, who the new-comer is, be he globe-trotter, bagman, covenanted civilian, uncovenanted civilian, soldier, sailor, tinker, tailor, gentleman, ploughman, or thief. The intuition of the table is marvellous, and deserves the attention of spirit-rappers. Of course this curiosity is in a measure due to the indoor life of the guests. It is too hot to go out except in the morning and evening, so all day long people read, sleep, or gossip. And the numerous servants they maintain are so many animated telephones of intelligence between room and room, and never fail to keep their masters and mistresses well posted in all that relates to a last arrival. At dinner these dusky servitors are sure to impress a stranger strongly and favourably in comparison with our funeral waiters. Every guest has one or more of them in snowy white, relieved by brilliantly-coloured turbans and waist-belts, so that there may be perhaps two hundred of these Oriental figures moving in a kind of systematic whirl through the lofty, brilliantly-lighted room, to the æsthetic effect of which they greatly add by their costumes. There is no noise or crowding. Now and then, Ram Bax, the Mahomedan "bearer" of the Magistrate of Bhownugger, does battle with Poonasawmy, the Hindoo "boy" of the Major from Madras for some such favourite dish as the ice pudding; but the collision is but momentary, and the savage menaces exchanged but words, words muttered under the breath.

Cosmopolitan is the company. Here are a group of persons whose rosy cheeks proclaim to all that they have just been disgorged by the last steamer from Europe. There is an elderly gentleman of cadaverous hue that tells a dismal tale of many hot seasons endured for the sake of the loved ones at home, and predicting, alas, a final separation after all. Over there is a lady of a very pronounced Indian type. Her cheeks are rouged, her hair is artificially golden, her eyes sparkle with belladonna, her crinoline is hoisted up to the small of her back, and the hoist affords to all who care to see a pair of very high-heeled shoes, and Navy blue stockings adorning a very shapely pair of legs. She drinks bottled beer at dinner, this lady, in defiance of the prejudices of the younger generation of Anglo-Indians, who prefer to steep themselves in whisky. She is full of "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" for those across the table, and it is manifest that there is already one man—a broker, for a ducat!—madly in love with her. At every hotel table in the East there is sure to be a dame of this description. Sometimes she is a lady of light and leading; more often a milliner. There are other women who look as if they had just got out of hackeries. I don't exactly know what "hackeries" are, but it seems an expressive term for Indian travel off the beaten road; in places, indeed, where there are no roads at all. Some of these are careworn, and walk wearily up the stairs to bedrooms where infants wail and ayahs crouch continually. Of course we have well represented the man who likes his dinner. Here he is, also the man who likes his wine—and brandy. He is possibly a speculator in indigo, jute, or opium, and it may be noted that when he is a "bull" he drowns his business cares in the bowl; when he is a "bear" it does not signify; he does likewise. He concentrates fishy glances on the *menu*, and his "bearer" brings him a bottle of brandy without being told—a very significant fact in the eyes of the company.

Certainly there is little to complain of in the *carte* of a first-class Indian hotel. It is much about the same as at an English watering-place caravanserai, only that queer fishes like seer and pomfret take the place of the familiar cod and turbot, and the cookery is better if the meat is worse. The flowers on the table, of which there is profusion, are also strange. They are all what we call "hot-house" flowers at home, and there are great gaudy blossoms, purple, orange, and crimson, of Bougainvillea, Poinsetta, and Hibiscus, flaring amid glass and napery. Ice abounds, after the American fashion, and there is a good smattering of Yankee Doodle in the conversation, because many of the diners are fresh from the all-round-the-world tour, and have only just left Japan or the States. These people appear possessed of the devil of locomotion. They have only just landed in India from Hong-kong and a typhoon in the China seas, yet they are in a mad hurry to be off again—anywhere. They bolt their food as if they were feeding at a railway station, and put themselves outside their

wine as if the *phylloxera* was around. Their pockets are full of bullion, and they are known to Anglo-Indians by the debased silver currency in their pockets, just as the stranger is known in St. Helier's by a cabbage-stalk stick. They talk familiarly to the grave pagan servants as if they were billiard-markers in a London *café*, and the Oriental's muscles never move, nor does the slightest expression enter his great black eyes, but he says in his heart, "Fools! and descendants of misbegotten idiots!" even while "Arry the ubiquitous fancies he is pleasing the poor black fellow with his condescending ways. There is no post-prandial wine-bibbing, and the cloth is hardly off the table before cheroots are alight.

People go to bed early in an Indian hotel—especially if there is a comic man to play the piano—for they get up early in the East. But not always to sleep. The voracity of the hotel mosquito is proverbial, and may be accounted for by the fact of his appetite being constantly whetted by fresh blood from Europe; at all events, he is emphatically "fly." Then there are noises of distressing variety. Musk rats squeak in presses and drawers; the Aryan brother snores in corridors in a manner to provoke fratricide. Punkah wheels creak after the manner of ungreased machinery, and jackals raise their ghostly hullabaloo, or outcast dogs raise their discordant voices in protestation with their livelihood and their lot. The windows and doors being all open for the admission of air, the slightest noise is heard throughout the hotel, and it is just at the time when the wearied are dropping off to sleep despite quadrupedal annoyances and alarms, that some brutal biped takes it into his brainless head to pick out a tune on the piano, or to practise "Away with Melancholy" upon the flute.

Hotels in India are rapidly taking the place of the old public bungalows provided by the Government for the use of travellers; but the monster hotels are confined to the cities of Calcutta and Bombay—Madras has none. In Bombay they have one and are building another, for the Bombay "ducks" are as progressive as their feathered namesake, and take bold flights. The Great Eastern at Calcutta is also a capital hotel, but Indian hostleries run from the great palatial down to the little hill cottage, smothered in roses and heliotrope, that is by courtesy called an hotel, but is really a nest for honeybirds and honeymoons. Then all kinds of races wait on the paramount Anglo-Saxon. In Bombay Indo-Portuguese senhors serve the soup, and a dusky hidalgo the curry. In Calcutta Bengalee Bachelors of Arts are *said* to clean the dishes, and elsewhere the Madras Ramasawmy seems to overrun the country. He is the Swiss or the Scotchman of Hindostan, and generally feathers his nest well whenever he goes abroad. But, all things considered, the bills of Indian hotels are not so bad as might be expected from the gorgeous East. They only charge rupees where Londoners charge shillings, or just one hundred per cent. above English prices. For instance, if one's account at a London hotel is ten shillings, in India it would be ten rupees, but this includes what in other countries would be extras.

The fare is generally good, although Indian mutton—unless grass-fed—is poor stuff, like the French meat, and Indian beef ought to convince the most sceptical of the transmigration of souls, since it answers the idea exactly of one's grandfather as a roast. Fish is always good, and curries only so so. Game in the cold weather is plentiful, but venison very scarce, and seldom worth eating when obtained. Wines are frightfully dear, and of poor quality. They are double the English price, and generally speaking not so good. Still the hotel is a vast improvement upon the ancient roadside bungalow, where the *menu* invariably consisted of a grilled fowl—and nothing else. The natives, oddly enough, do not seem to take to hotel life kindly, though their pursuit of economy is ardent. The truth is that their ideas of luxurious living are not ours, and of comfort their own. But it is not impossible that another generation of Anglo-Indians may see the Baboo shouting "Wai-terre!" with the best of us, and ogling the chambermaids with the worst. Then, indeed, the Promoters' millennium will have come, for there are two hundred and fifty millions of people to be housed.

F. E. W.



We like the idea of a "Popular History of Egypt" (Hagger, Fleet Street). Such a book ought to be a boon to the thousands for whom Egyptian history, from the Exodus to Tel-el-Kebir, is wrapped in a dull mist, through which perhaps loom Cleopatra, the man who burnt the Alexandrian Library, Bonaparte and the Mamelukes, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and M. de Lesseps. And Captain Watkins has in some respects made the best of what to the British taxpayer cannot but be a painfully interesting subject. He has read a great deal, from Herodotus to Gibbon, from Gibbon to M. Mariette, and his notes on the architecture under the different dynasties are quite a new feature in a book of this kind. His chapter on religion gives a clue through the maze of Egyptian ceremonial, and the fac-similes of papyrus are something to be grateful for. The book helps us to unravel the tangle of dynasties; it sets before us (from Dr. Ebers' novel, "Uarda") the manners and customs of the *jeunesse dorée* and the workers under the early Pharaohs. Above all, it brings out as a reality the long Ptolemaic period, the slow decay under Rome, and the way in which the country became Mahometan. The introduction contains a clear account of the Mehemet Ali family; and the sequel tells the story of the late war and its consequences down to Admiral Hewett's unfortunate offer of "1,000l. for Osman Digma, dead or alive." Captain Watkins asks some puzzling questions, such as "If Arabi was a rebel, against whom did he rebel, seeing that all he did was known to the Sultan, who enjoined him to ignore the Khédive and to defend Egypt against foreigners?" He gives due prominence to Colonel Stewart's dashing capture of Cairo and 10,000 men with his hundred horse; and he points out that, if England guarantees the Debt, she will be able to reduce the interest by one-half, and to insist on foreign residents submitting to equitable laws. Being so good, the book might easily have been very much better. We say nothing of its form—some 900 pages small quarto. These big single volumes are cheaper than the old octavo sets. But many of the engravings (unlike those in the big French books we have been lately noticing) are quite unworthy of the letter-press. Some, again, are Assyrian; and others have very little to do with the subject. If Sardes and Hadrian's Mole are put in why not London and the Invalides? More serious is the want of an index; and how could a writer who is at home with Athenæus, and glibly quotes "Theophrastus Simocatta," have overlooked such distressing clerical errors as "Iphicrites," "Commagenus," "Troyæ," "although," "partiality," "eris" (*eris*), and such like? Captain Watkins, too, should have insisted on a map which did not ignore places like Kassala, Metemneh, and the town of Berber.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir J. Burgoyne rightly assumes that what is going on now makes "a certain portion of the public" think of "The Military and Naval Operations in Egypt from 1798 to 1802" (Sampson Low and Co.) Of these he has given a short, soldier-like history—one of those books that, without the least parade, never fail to stir the blood far more than the wordy diatribes of Our Own Correspondents. We wish these gentlemen would learn a lesson

of style from Sir J. Burgoyne, and we wish the Government would take to heart what he says about the folly of destroying the old regimental distinctions. At Alexandria, while the 28th, standing in line, was hard-pressed by horse and foot in front, its rear rank coolly faced about and repulsed a sudden rear attack. "In memory of this the men were allowed to wear their number both in front and rear of their head-dress; but alas! recent changes have removed all pride in such decorations."

Sadly and reverently we take up such a book as "Charles George Gordon: a Sketch" (Macmillan); and we lay it down, grateful to the Rev. Reginald Barnes and to Major C. E. Brown for telling us so much of the inward life of one whose sepulchre is being built and beautified by the men who killed him. Gordon's deep interest in his Palestine research, his communings on that and kindred subjects with Bishops Temple and Wordsworth, the fervour and strength of his convictions, and his quaint a'Kempis-like sayings (such as "He made us to have a house to live in; without us He is houseless") come out most beautifully in the former part of this little book. The latter part, "Outward Life," briefly detailing his career as a soldier and Governor, proves at every point the unity of his life. He was the same, whether wielding in China "the wand of victory," or teaching a ragged school at Gravesend, or writing on shipboard to Mr. Barnes: "the Hosts are with me."

"Wisdom," the Divine Wisdom, "is justified of all her children," and "Sister Louise" (Wells Gardner) was as surely one of these as Gordon himself. She was an American Sister Dora, with the same power of self-sacrifice, and a yet greater power of self-effacement. She had, too, the same love of ritual and ornament; and the chapel of "The House of the Holy Comforter," where, in 54, West Eleventh Street, New York, Miss Hall and her Sisters had made a shelter for sick little ones, was a model of orderly observance. It is well that there are ministering angels to work amid that mass of "human rubbish" which we for so many years have been, *de cœur léger*, shooting on to the great dustheap of Castle Garden.

"Old and Rare Books" (Elliot Stock) seems a dry subject for a popular lecture. Yet Mr. J. Chapman Woods managed to make it thoroughly interesting. Swansea knows more than it ever knew before about the selling price of the Mazarin Bible, the relative value of Elzevirs, and the "Golden Compasses" where in the busy Antwerp of to-day you can see how Plantin and his son-in-law, Moretus, did their work. We wish such lectures were less rare; albeit we are pretty sure there will be no more bargains to be picked up for a long time on the stalls of a town where people have been so well taught to know what to look for.

Mr. Knox Wigram has revised up to January last his very handy and trustworthy "Justices' Note-Book" (Stevens, Chancery Lane). Mr. Wigram hopes his book may "pass by degrees into the broader circle of people who are neither J. P.'s nor lawyers." We hope so too; such a book ought to be in every Free Library. It is a good corrective to the delusive newspaper law which is all that most of us can get hold of. What a difference, for instance, between the hard fact and the newspaper legend of Edwards and his mouse, detailed in the Appendix. This "tame" pet was really kept tied by the tail; instead of being wrested from the prisoner by inhuman warders it was deliberately thrown by him into the stone basement below, &c. Mr. Wigram has under the head of "Riot" some good remarks on Mr. Justice Field and the Salvation Army.

Lord Beaconsfield was a hard hitter; but his chief excellence lay in the neatness and dexterity with which he delivered his blows. "The Runnymede Letters" (Bentley), which the general verdict attributes to him, are even a better instance of this than his philippics against Sir R. Peel. Suggested no doubt by the "Letters of Junius," they are far terser and more readable than that literary puzzle; and, as Mr. Hitchman remarks in his introduction, the times are ominously like those in which "Runnymede" wrote. The Kilmainham Treaty matches the Lichfield House Compact; Mr. Chamberlain has taken the place of that Mr. Attwood who originated the caucus; the appeal to the Premier to-day is the very one which "Runnymede" so forcibly made to Lord Melbourne in 1836—"Resign." Mr. Hitchman prefaces each letter with a few remarks which will put the youngest of us *au courant* of the politics of fifty years ago. "Runnymede's" unstatesmanlike hatred of O'Connell and the Irish colours the whole volume; the Whigs (he says) aim at destroying the Tories, the Radicals the Constitution, the Peelers the Empire. O'Connell is "a crocodile resting on a lurid shrine, bedewed with blood and encircled with flame." (Lord Russell, in the same letter is "AN INSECT.") In later life Lord Beaconsfield spoke more gently, laying Pat's shortcomings on his nearness to "the melancholy ocean;" here he talks of "that wild, reckless, indolent, uncertain, superstitious race, which has no sympathy with the English character, and hates our order, our civilisation, our decorous liberty, our pure religion." The book is a fitting "nosegay for Primrose day," and is full of interest and amusement for anti-Disraelites as well.

Of Mr. G. Saintsbury's revision of Sir Walter Scott's "Works of John Dryden" (Paterson, Edinburgh), we have now the ninth and tenth volumes. This carefully-prepared edition may be looked on as final, and fairly perfect. Mr. Saintsbury retains (needlessly, he confesses) Sir Walter's cumbersome historical notes, but he goes even further than Mr. Christie of the Globe edition in correcting Scott's text. It is strange how such a palpable blunder as "Church-begot" for "Church-begot," in the "Hind and Panther," should have been left for him to correct. He is purposely chary of "parallel passages;" but we wish he had given them occasionally; for instance, one would like to know the other cases in which Dryden used "ion" as a dissyllable ("Coronation Poem," line 70). We have already praised the print, paper, &c., of this handsome edition. Why these two volumes, containing nothing dramatic but some prologues and epilogues, are lettered "Dramatic Works," we know not. We suppose Mr. Saintsbury is going to give us a general index. His own notes are always to the point; as to his text we are not clear that "winch" and "lanch" should be altered to "wince" and "lance." Surely a line to "Notes and Queries" might have brought him some more information about "playing at hardhead" ("Hind and Panther," 443). One thinks of Donnybrook; but these Irish usages were, like the spelling of "murder," mostly English survivals.

Mr. Staveley Hill, M.P., dedicates "From Home to Home" (Sampson Low and Co.) to the Princess Louise. He took his own photographs; the sketches are by his wife, and some of them, like "The City of the Future," consisting of one shanty, and a hay-stack labelled "The City of Rosser," are full of quiet humour. Beginning with a very brief sketch of Canadian history, Mr. Hill goes on to tell us not too much about the way in which he and his son and their Indian hunter "ran buffalo," giving us also a great deal about the country over which he went, its people and prospects. He has something about the Indians—so good if you can only keep them from the whisky with which Montana traders would long ago have improved them off but for the Hudson's Bay Company and our splendid mounted police. He is even linguistic, telling us that "squaw" is not a word, but "sequa" or "esqua," the feminine termination of adjectives; the Kootenais, with their peculiar speech, he thinks must be descendants of Japanese castaways. He has much to say about railways and the making of them; but the backbone of his book is what he says about Manitoba corn and the cattle ranches of the North-West. A cowboy's life he is disposed to recommend, even to those who are capable of describing the work in a "Fifth Georgic." He saw it *coulour de rose*, in the light of his own cheeriness; just as his delicious picture of the Irish Romanist kneeling bolt upright, with hands crossed, close by the travelling Ranter whose prayer he follows sentence by sentence, makes us for

the moment forget the Canadian Orangemen. We must not forget that Mr. Hill wished to import young store cattle to be fattened in England—a questionable mode of helping the small farmer at home. Manitoba had, it seems, a very bad harvest in '83; and its towns have, all but Calgary, been located in the worst positions possible; and borrowing money out there means ruin more surely even than in India. The yield, Mr. Hill thinks, will never be as great as it is on our more highly tilled lands, but the quality is second to none.

THE POETRY OF EATING

At the first blush it may not seem apparent what poetry can possibly have to do with eating. Surely poetry belongs only to the few, the few favoured ones who can write verses, and who spend their time in wandering through lovely landscapes, scanning the golden or the rosy sky, watching the lazy ripple of the sun-steeped waves, or listening to the tender melody of tiny minstrels! How, then, can there be poetry in eating?

But poetry is to be found in everything, if one only knows how to find it out. It is but another word for refinement in all that elevates and refines the mind through the medium of the senses. What is it that makes the charm and happiness of home but poetry? Poetry of language, poetry of affection and attention, poetry of neatness and order, and why not poetry of eating? I mean poetry not only in the manner of partaking of our food, but also in the manner of preparing what is set before us.

With regard to the mode of eating, we English as a people certainly stand highest; and frequent as our intercourse with Continental nations now is, the latter still often express surprise at what they call the "elegant" way of eating peculiar to the English. Much as we have borrowed from our neighbours *d'outre manche*, none of us would surely care to imitate the Frenchman swathed in his napkin—or, rather, young tablecloth—voraciously devouring each course as it makes its appearance, and winding up by vigorously cleaning his plate with a piece of bread, and afterwards swallowing the latter as a *bonne bouche*. Nor can we, alas! say anything more flattering for their neighbours, the Germans. I recollect once dining with one of the Ladies-in-Waiting at a German Court in her own private rooms. I naturally began eating my dinner in the way I had always been accustomed to do—that is to say, cutting my meat, and carrying the pieces to my mouth on my fork with the left hand. My friend, on the contrary, as is usual among German and French people, cut her meat into small pieces, then laid down her knife, and, taking her fork in her right hand, rapidly made the morsels disappear. We had been thus engaged for about five minutes, when she suddenly turned to me with a good-natured smile, saying:

"Pray don't take so much trouble to eat with your left hand. It would be a different matter if Her Royal Highness were here. I have to eat with my left hand when in her presence, but it is very troublesome."

I could not help laughing as I replied that I did not know how to eat in any other way. Strange to say, that very Royal Highness, although considering it the right thing to use her fork with her left hand, I subsequently saw demolishing, with extreme zest, a large roll, which she plunged whole into a cup of hot coffee, and carried streaming to her mouth, biting off a huge piece of it, and repeating this process until the roll had entirely vanished.

Happily we English do, not only a little, but a great deal better than that. And how easy it is, if mothers and fathers are careful of their children, as all mothers and fathers ought to be, how easy it is to teach them to eat in a refined manner. Mere example alone, without a word, is sufficient to guide a child, who is ever watchful, and quite as ready to imitate what is right and pleasing as what is wrong and awkward. It certainly does not make a very poetical impression to see a person lading their fork with a piece of meat, some smashed-up vegetable, and a lump of potato all well saturated with gravy, which during the lading operation is frequently scattered right and left upon the table-cloth, or sometimes even upon his or her neighbour's cuffs. There is, on the contrary, something decidedly agreeable in seeing a person deftly cut his or her meat into neat morsels, almost imperceptibly absorb some gravy with potato or other vegetable, and instead of bruising peas into a heterogeneous mass, turn their fork round, and gently coaxing the little green egglets upon it, put them quietly into their mouth. This sight is a still more pleasant one, when visible not only in one person, but in a whole family.

Now as regards poetry in the manner of cooking, who is there that does not know the difference apparent in the very same dish when prepared and dished in a poetical or unpoetical way? Our country can boast the best of meat, and I think I may also say the best of vegetables, in Europe. How can the dry, stringy, only sparsely fat, dark-looking mutton of the Continent compare with the smooth-grained, juicy mutton of our own clime, its flesh permeated with rich, snow-white fat? Then, again, where is there, unless indeed it be in Russia, such prime, delicate, red-and-white beef anywhere to be seen as our own? Do we not revel in the most exquisite of cabbages of every sort, red, white, and green, whose very growth is proverbial—in snow-white cauliflowers, peas, and beans, celery and sea-kale that make the mouth water?

Alas! what use do we make of all this wealth of material? If we are superior to Continental nations in our manner of eating, we are indeed far inferior to them in our capabilities for cooking. I do not, of course, allude to the wealthy, in whose homes luxury reigns supreme in cooking as well as in everything else; but to the middle classes, as well as to the many who, temporarily at least, often frequent hotels, restaurants, or apartments, and have to put up with viands cooked in a most uninviting and unsatisfactory manner. With respect to the various establishments open to the public, although there are no doubt brilliant exceptions, I have found, from personal experience, what I have stated to be the general rule whenever I have had occasion to dine or lunch at a first-rate West End hotel, at a first-rate restaurant anywhere, at one of the largest of the "people's" restaurants, or even at the rooms in the Health Exhibition under the management of the South Kensington National School of Cookery. This latter institution, which has done so much good, is certainly capable of satisfying the most fastidious gourmet with dishes equally poetical in appearance as in taste; all the greater pity that it should at times turn out meals which, in the interests of truth and of the poetry of eating, I am compelled to call rough and ready.

This term, "rough and ready," brings before my vision one of our most favourite dishes—a beef-steak, with its accompanying cabbage and potatoes—a dish within the reach of almost all of us. Let us see how it is generally treated. When the cover is removed from the steak, as a rule the appearance presented is that of a solid black-brown mass, with a good deal of yellow-looking fat about it, either broiled and dried up, or fried and smothered in onions, with no small quantity of greasy, watery gravy laving its edges. The interior of this substance is nearly raw, and it is almost invariably served up on a cold dish. As for the cabbage, it is of a sickly green colour, its large rank leaves lie helplessly spread about the dish, whilst coarse white stumps are visible amongst them. The potatoes, generally speaking, turn out to be either yellowish, waxy lumps, or a wettish, shapeless mash.

Now for the poetical side of this favourite dish. A brother slice of steak has been carefully and very delicately scored on both sides, and into its interstices have been rubbed, with scientific hand,

onion shred into the most minute morsels, a little thyme, pepper, and salt. The steak has then, according to taste, either been placed over a clear, brisk fire on a gridiron, or in a frying-pan containing some clarified butter, boiling hot. Five minutes are sufficient for cooking to a turn a steak so prepared, its gravy forming in a hollow during the operation, and preserved by gently lifting the steak on to a thoroughly hot dish. Whilst it has been cooking, the cook has had time to shred fine some tender horseradish, which she now lays round the smoking delicacy before her, thus setting off its gold brown colour by the snowy contrast. A brother cabbage having been first carefully washed and deprived of its coarse outer leaves, is allowed to boil in a large quantity of water, which should be changed during the process, until perfectly tender, then pressed through a colander till not one drop of water remains in it. The cook should after this turn it out upon a chopping-board, and chop it perfectly fine. The next thing to be done is to return it to the saucepan, and with a wooden spoon stir into it a small piece of butter—or for those who cannot afford it, a little piece of beef or pork dripping—whilst shaking over it a little pepper and salt, and then turn the delicious creamy mass into a hot dish. As for potatoes, there are so many ways of cooking them poetically that space would fail to tell of them, but if we want them put upon the table in the simplest possible form, let the cook wash and peel them thoroughly, then steam them, and turn out the snow-white fluffy balls, laying them attractively side by side in a vegetable dish, bearing in mind that it should be thoroughly hot.

The very simplest dishes have been selected in order to show what a difference may be produced in their appearance, and in the enjoyment of them, as well as in the nutriment afforded, for over or underdone meat, and coarse, rank vegetables are as deleterious to digestion and health, as delicately dressed, wholesome meat and vegetables are nutritious and enjoyable. True, the preparing of the latter may take up five minutes more, yet this must not be looked upon as time wasted, but rather as health and enjoyment gained.

Having glanced at both the manner of eating and preparing food, I must say a few words about the poetical appearance of our table.

Since the introduction of dinners *à la Russe*, table decoration has become one of the minor arts, and here, as in any other art, many have erred on the side of gaudiness and vulgarity. Not that I condemn what is gorgeous and rich, although I prefer simplicity combined with elegance, and would always advocate the decorating of the table. Flowers are the most poetical of decorations, each one being a poem in itself, and they are within the reach of even the poorer among us. Add to this a fresh white cloth, bright glass, cleanly shining knives and forks, unbroken and simple clean plates and dishes, and such a table will go far to refine the habits both of young and old. Refinement at home means the love of refinement abroad, and this vein of poetry running through the mind will often, nay generally, keep those who possess it from seeking what is low, and raise them to higher thoughts and better deeds. Let us then everywhere strive to cultivate "the poetry of eating." IL. C.



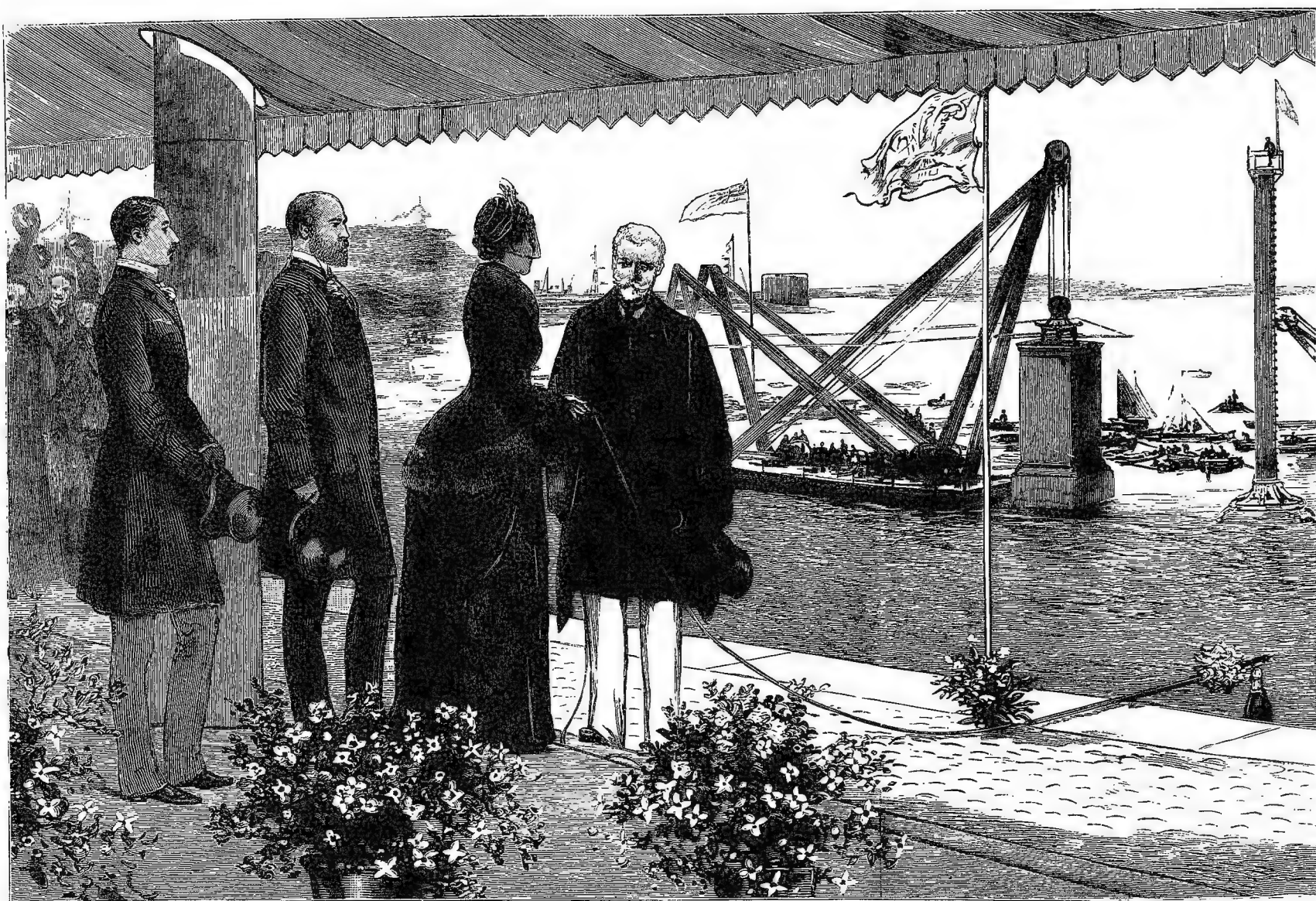
MR. HALL CAINE's appearance as a novelist is a matter of interest: and "The Shadow of a Crime" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) more than justifies his entry into the ranks of that body of writers whose name is legion. One does not look for much literary merit, even in the higher order of contemporary novels: and Mr. Caine's work has it to such an extent that it would have gone far to compensate for a host of ordinary shortcomings. His admirably picturesque, lucid, and unaffected style is so rare a quality as to call for mention in the first place; but his story is scarcely less excellent than his manner of telling it. Even the ordinary reader, whose tastes and interests cannot move much more than a week backward, need feel no alarm at learning that the scene is entirely laid in Cumberland and Lancashire in the year of the Restoration, and that the plot turns upon so unfamiliar a pivot as the *peine forte et dure*—the cruel death incurred by a culprit who refused to plead. Mr. Caine has found a harvest of strong character among the dales of Cumberland, obtained, as he tells us—and need not have taken the trouble to tell us—from personal and sympathetic knowledge, and deals with it strongly. He has not so much caught the colour of the time as that of the place and its people: and no doubt it would be less easy to find the full changes wrought by two centuries in some of the more remote parts of Cumberland than elsewhere in England. Except for the legal bearings of the story, there is nothing to make the reader feel that he is reading about men and women who lived two hundred years ago. The plot is complex, but not more than is sufficient to maintain interest, and the tone and aim of the novel are, while never unduly obtruded, of the healthiest and loftiest kind. Mr. Caine has been especially successful with those usually most difficult and unsatisfactory personages, the hero and heroine. Ralph Ray and Rotha Stagg are characters worthy to be remembered both for their author's sake and for their own. The chief fault of the work is one almost inseparable from first novels—it is too long, and too much of it consists of unnecessary repetition. Its merits are such as to commend it alike to the uncritical many and to the most critical few.

Mr. Dowling's besetting fault is an exceedingly rare one—that is to say, such a fertility of imagination that his incidents hide and confuse his plot: as the saying goes, one cannot see the wood for the trees. One incident suggests a dozen others, not one of which Mr. Dowling ever has the self control to suppress, and each of these dozen breeds another dozen, and so *ad infinitum*. Never however has this almost fatal fertility of fancy been so conspicuously displayed as in "The Hidden Flame" (3 vols.: Tinsley Brothers.). The first four-and-twenty hours of the action are so fertile in incessant sensations that we are well into the second volume before it is over. A second day, of a no less sensational character, carries us into the third volume: and, though we have not examined the subsequent chronology, the remainder does not seem to occupy more than one additional day. Life in a country house carried on at such a strain very naturally ends in a good deal of death among the villains and in the hopeless madness of the heroine. The novel positively bristles with mysteries: while violent hand-to-hand struggles and attempts to poison become so common as to be hardly worth regarding after the passage of two or three hours at Ombersley. Mr. Dowling has aimed at being weird, wild, and lurid, and has achieved his aim only too well. His *forte* lies in violence of effect, and the results of this power come so naturally to him, that any effort to increase them is almost necessarily overdone. On the whole, the novel is much too unnatural and over-strained to be interesting, in spite of all its mysteries and melodramatic situations. It might even here and there be mistaken for a burlesque: and we are quite sure that the author did not always know at what he was driving.

"The Unhired Labourer; or, The Desiring of a Good Work," by "A. M. U." (3 vols.: J. and K. Maxwell), belongs to a class so inherently unsatisfactory that infinitely greater power and skill than its author displays anywhere would have failed to make it pleasant reading. It is a kind of hybrid between the religious tract and the ordinary sentimental romance, the scene being laid in an exceedingly unreal India. The hero goes out to that country as a missionary, but, being a painfully weak-minded young man, drifts into commerce through the combined influence of



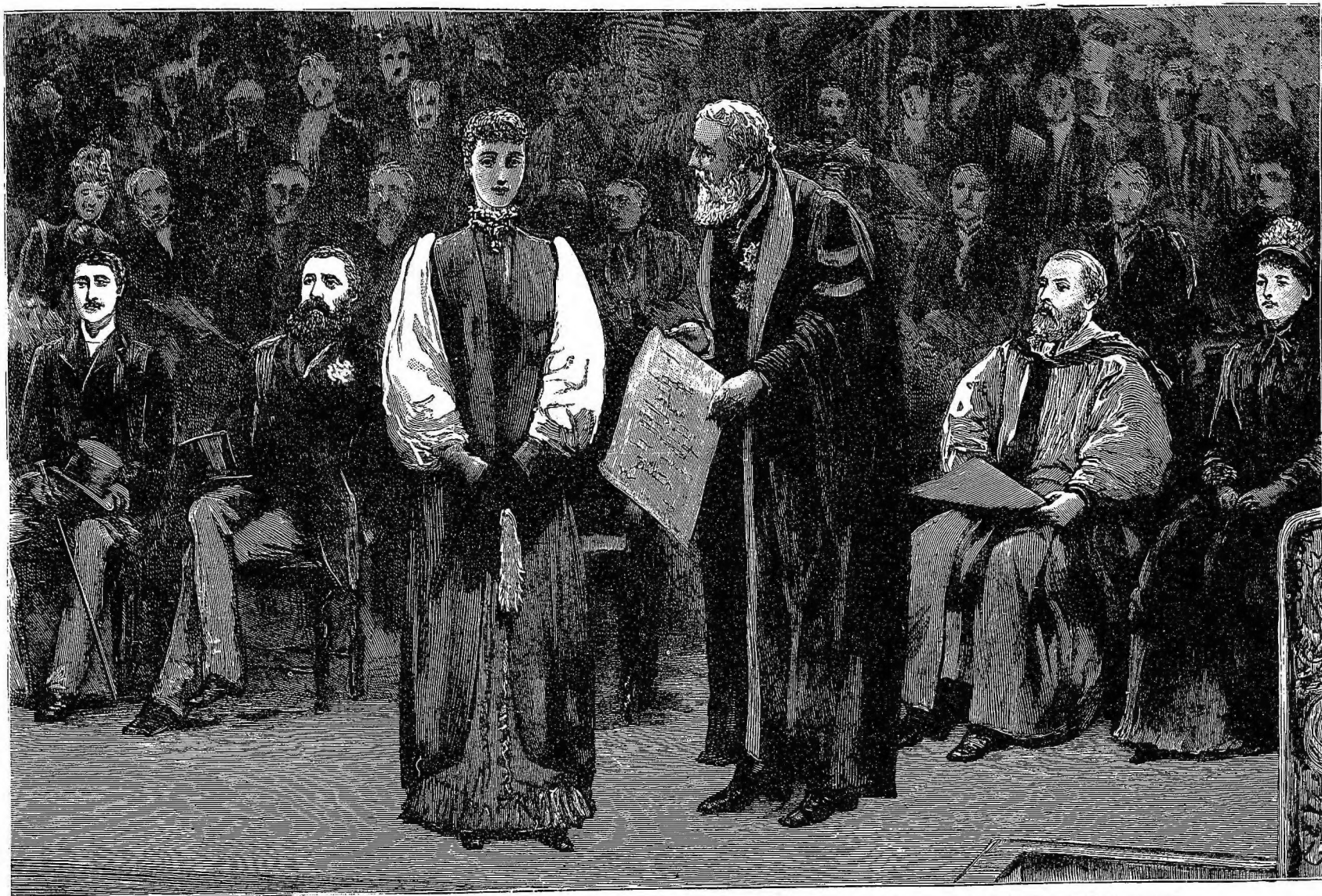
THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE SLUMS OF DUBLIN—POOR CHILDREN TRYING TO SHAKE HANDS WITH HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS



THE PRINCESS OF WALES NAMING THE ALEXANDRA BASIN

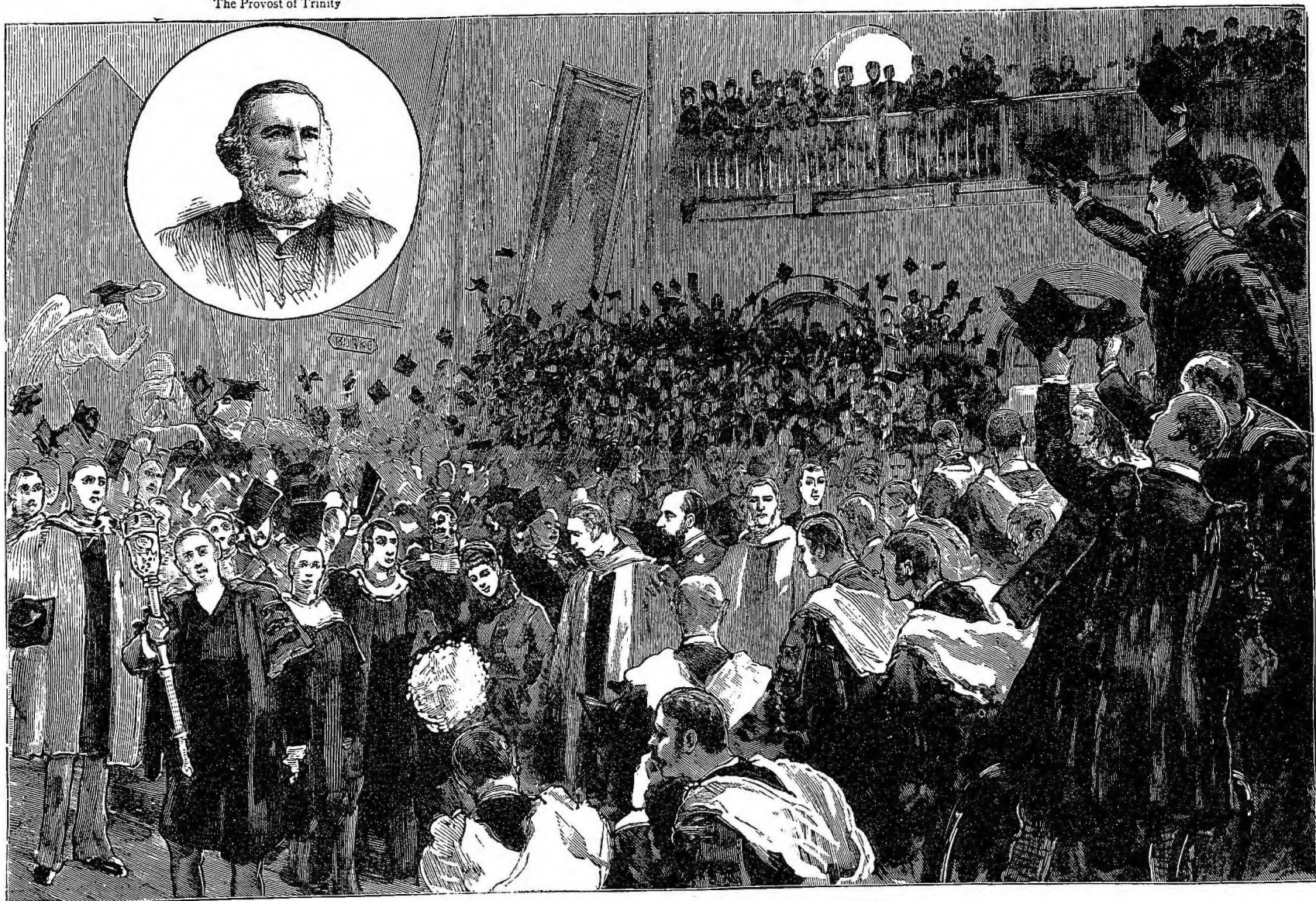
THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



THE PRINCESS OF WALES RECEIVING THE CERTIFICATE OF HER DEGREE AS MUS. DOC. FROM THE CHANCELLOR, TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

The Provost of Trinity



RECEPTION BY THE STUDENTS OF TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN

THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY F. HALL

an unscrupulous Calcutta merchant and a mysterious Parsee. Even when, the victim of errors and troubles, he tries to follow his call, the machinations of these two induce the missionaries to exclude him from their society. Such a hysterical idiot is he that this is not surprising: the strangest part of the business is that the merchant and Parsee, or any other human beings, should wish to keep him in theirs. Then matters are complicated by his having a wife who gambles, by her having a set of pearls supposed to be the work of sorcery, and by her turning out to be the niece of the Parsee. At times the incidents seem suggested by some meaningless nightmare: and the hero is afflicted by prophetic visions whereby the reader is afflicted still more. Presumably, the novel is intended to help the work of Indian missions, and its intentions are obviously praiseworthy. The less however that Indian missions get of this sort of help, as well as the fewer of such missionaries as Mr. Laurence Gee, the better for them it will be.

"Current Repentance," by "A. B. C. S." (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell) is another Indian novel, and will be found *caviare* to the general reader, unless he happens to be himself an Anglo-Indian. In that case, indeed, he may appreciate its element of social satire. There is no story in particular: and what there is hangs together so badly as to be made the worst of possible. Even the title is an absurdity, for nobody has anything to repent of, except one of the characters who repents of nothing. Upon the author's evident knowledge of Indian Society the entire interest—such as it is—of this singularly clumsy production wholly depends.

"The Corsars; or Love and Lucre," by John Hill (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.), follows rather too quickly upon its author's "Sally," noticed in this column only a few weeks ago. It confirms our view, however, that Mr. Hill, possessed as he is of more than ordinary cleverness, of much more than the ordinary novelist's amount of reading and knowledge, of a faculty for observation, and of a decided sense of humour, only needs experience of life and practice in writing to produce a really good novel. In his next attempt, it will be clearly advisable for him to emancipate himself from the atmosphere of Cambridge, and from the idea that the ordinary undergraduate is of essential necessity an interesting being. He has also still to outgrow the great Quartier Latin myth or superstition, and his faith that the insipidities and vulgarities of what affects to represent Bohemia in London are in the least worthy of reproduction from any point of view. In short, his principal error hitherto is to have imagined himself able to give interest to inherently uninteresting things and persons. The remedy is obvious—to wait until he feels himself impelled to deal with some subject or character altogether outside any particular set or circle. He will recognise its fitness by its being disconnected from Cambridge and from pseudo-Bohemia. Advice is the best sort of criticism that can be offered to the author of "Sally" and "the Corsars;" and we offer it in the belief that it may help to hasten that really good novel which is due from Mr. Hill sooner or later.

HOW WE TALK AND HOW WE WRITE

It is curious to note the various locutions, originating no one knows where, and of more or less intelligible signification, which are perpetually "cropping up" in everyday conversation; some few of them becoming part and parcel of our ordinary vernacular, but the majority enjoying a transient popularity until superseded by others equally eccentric, and destined, like their predecessors, to disappear in their turn. Every year, nay, almost every week brings with it some new addition to our current vocabulary, not unfrequently culled from the theatres and music halls, and enthusiastically adapted by the votaries of the "crutch and toothpick" school, by whose sedulous cultivation it gradually finds its way into a "Society" paper or a fashionable novel, and its temporary vogue is secured.

We can remember many years ago the actor Wrench convulsing his audience by the constant repetition of the cant phrase "but however," and the late Mr. Wright eliciting roars of merriment from the Adelphi pit by arbitrarily perverting "used to be" into "used to was;" an original if not strictly grammatical *à peu près* which appears to have died with him. A similarly brief span of existence may be safely predicted in the case of nine-tenths of our modern colloquial oddities, as has already been the lot of two choice specimens of Thespian insanity once in everybody's mouth, but now happily obsolete, "Why cert'nly" and "Hardly ever!" Nor is the term "Masher," the derivation of which is a puzzle by no means easy to solve, likely to enjoy a more prolonged toleration than its Gallic equivalents *cocodès* and *gommeux*; and as much may be presumed of the inharmonious monosyllable "dawg," an anglicised version of the German "verfluchter Kerl."

To "take a rise out of" a person is a barbarism greatly in favour with "fast" young ladies, as is also the less objectionable expression of approval, applied indiscriminately to a dinner at Richmond, the box seat on a drag in the Park, or the latest "creation" of a man-milliner, "It suits me down to the ground;" but why, in the name of all that is rational, do they persist in adopting the schoolroom phraseology, and call their dresses "frocks?" The adjective "lovely," moreover, charmingly euphonious in its natural sense, is surely out of place when inappropriately used; for what can be more unpleasantly startling—we speak from our own personal experience at a country house luncheon table—than to hear issuing from the feminine lips the "too too" incongruous exclamation, "What a lovely leg of pork!" We do not admit for a moment the possibility of any excuse for the employment of so inexplicable an epithet as "scrumptious," evidently borrowed from the habitual parlance of a brother at Eton or Harrow; nor can we recall without a shudder the criticism pronounced by a fair dame of our acquaintance on a couple of novels supplied for her perusal by Mr. Mudie, and respectively described by her as "ripping" and "rot."

Men are of course allowed, or at all events permit themselves, a greater latitude in their choice of language; and affect, as a rule certain forms of speech which in a lady's mouth would have no *raison d'être* whatever. Passing over the idiotic "Don't you know?" as the exclusive property of the young gentlemen who sit and wag their heads in solemn appreciation of a Gaiety burlesque, and merely noting the threat of "punching a fellow's head" as a visionary project seldom put into execution, we come to a phrase which from a social point of view has a peculiarly crushing signification, namely, "bad form." These two little words, like Lord Burleigh's shake of the head, mean a great deal; they have a vague and mysterious import more fatal to the individual ostracised by them than any definite reproach or accusation.

The adverb "rather," expressive of approbation, bids fair to become naturalised among us in its newly adopted sense; it is short and significative, and, as one of its appreciators, addicted to conversational Laconism, not inaptly remarked, "saves a fellow who hasn't the gift of the gab no end of trouble." To "square," not a circle, but an individual whose support or neutrality we are specially interested in securing, is likewise a term popular with a certain class; and as much may be asserted of the participle "meant;" the use of the latter, however, being strictly limited to the race-course, and suggestive of possible malpractices of which perhaps the less said the better. "Come to grief" is the figurative definition of a process with which too many of our fellow creatures are unhappily familiar, and is occasionally described in more plebeian fashion by the phrases to be in "Queer Street" or "Short's Gardens;" the last-named metaphor, if we recollect rightly, having been employed by no less a personage than Mr. Soapey Sponge on his visit to Mr. Benjamin Buckram at Scamptley.

It must, however, be confessed that neither the foregoing specimens of colloquial eccentricity, nor the inevitable "fetching" of the Masher fraternity look well in print; they may, indeed, must, be endured in ordinary talk, but we protest against their introduction even into the pages of a fashionable novel. That most ill-used adverb "awfully," in its present perverted sense, is surely ridiculous enough without appearing infinitely more objectionable when set up in type; nor is it absolutely essential to the progress of a story that the heroine should express her thoughts and ideas in conventional slang. Slipshod English and incorrect grammar we are accustomed to, and can even bear with philosophic resignation the too frequent recurrence of such barbarisms as "ain't she," "arn't you," and "wherever have you been;" but as Dickens's tonsor very properly observed, "we must draw a line somewhere." *Avis à qui de droit.*

C. H.



MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND CO.—Part 22, Vol. IV., of "A Dictionary of Musicians" brings us to letter "V;" hence we may look for the completion of this valuable book of reference in two more parts. Although there is nothing of more than ordinary interest in this number, there are some very useful and learned articles; for example, the explicit description of "The Tonal Fugue," and the elements which enter into its composition. This article, by W. S. Rockstro, will prove of great assistance to advanced students of music. "Touch" is skilfully discussed by Walter Parrat, Mus. Bac. The subject of "Variations" occupies twenty-four columns, which are ably filled by C. H. H. Parry, Mus. Doc. Very interesting to admirers of this gifted composer is the account of "Verdi: his works and his life;" of the former, which won public favour after a prolonged struggle, and of the latter, which was overshadowed with many sorrows and disappointments.

MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A very charming song for a baritone is "Son of the Ocean Isle," written and composed by Mrs. Hemans and Ralph Betterton. "Daddy," Behrend's popular ballad, has been arranged for the pianoforte by W. Kuhe with very commonplace variations such as we should not have thought this clever musician capable of.—A spirited and tuneful specimen of dance music is "The Ionian Polka," composed by Mrs. Edwin Wardroper.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—Highly to be commended, and well worthy the attention of musical heads of schools and colleges, are "Six Two-part Songs for Ladies' or Boys' Voices," written and composed by Sinclair Dunn: No. I., "Come to the Woodlands," is blithesome and melodious; No. II., "O, Come Let us Sing," is of a semi-religious character; No. III., "Where Blue Bells Grow," is pretty and suggestive of spring; Nos. IV. and V., "The Lily of the Valley" and "The Snowdrop," are of the same cheerful type; No. VI., "Merry Maidens," will be first favourite with schoolgirls on breaking-up day.—"The British Army March," by Charles Deacon, is vigorous and inspiring.—"The Nile Expedition: a Musical Panorama," by W. F. Taylor, will surely win public favour at this stirring period. It consists of a number of tunes of all nations, interspersed with trumpets, drums, and other military instruments faithfully represented on the pianoforte. The frontispiece is very gorgeous.

MISCELLANEOUS.—A pretty little love song for a tenor of medium compass is "Star of My Life," words by Sidney W. Markham, music by Claude Melville. "Never Forgotten Waltzes," by Edward A. Sutton, are of average merit (Messrs. Conrad Herzog and Co.).—Another tribute to the memory of Gordon has been contributed to the musical world in "The Flower of England's Chivalry," a patriotic song, with a harmonised chorus, written and composed by Alfred Maltby and Frank Musgrave. One of the most original specimens of the military school of music is "The Soldiers of the Guard," a patriotic song, written and composed by Clement Scott and W. C. Levey; it will prove very pleasing to our soldiers in the East as well as those at home (Messrs. W. J. Willcocks and Co.).—"Evensong" is a song of high merit, written and composed by W. C. Newsam and Claud Melville; in addition to the pianoforte is a harmonium accompaniment *ad lib.*, which is a very welcome assistance to the singer (Messrs. Reid Bros.).—Quaint and original is "A Birthday Song," for a mezzo-soprano, words by Mary A. Robinson, music by Julius Sachs, composed expressly for Minnie Hauk; there are also editions for soprano and contralto voices (Johann André Offenbach).—"A Collection of Gavottes, Minuets, Fugues, and Other Short Pieces for the Pianoforte," by Samuel Brewer and H. Festing Jones, may be recommended for the school-room (Messrs. Novello, Ewer, and Co.).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THE most valuable aid to modern appreciation of the popular mental attitude of the earlier Middle Ages that has been published for years is "Wine, Women, and Song: Mediæval Latin Students' Songs," now first translated into English verse, with an essay, by John Addington Symonds (Chatto and Windus). The nature of the work is to some extent explained by the title, but, in order to understand its true worth as an exponent of the period, it is necessary to study, not only the exquisite translations of love, drinking, and other songs, but the editor's masterly essay, in which they are embodied, and which lays the whole case plainly before the reader. As Mr. Symonds remarks, this popular poetry, chiefly attributable to the wandering semi-clerical students of the time, is the expression of that proletarian protest against false asceticism and canting clerical corruption which was one of the factors of the Renaissance, and even in a remote degree of the Reformation. But he has wisely discarded those poems bearing immediately on these subjects, and confined his labours to the outbursts of pure animal human nature to be found in the erotic songs, and those which treat of convivial themes. The mere subject of the origin of these *carmina* is one which, from its tantalising half-revelations, might well occupy a lengthy essay; but time and space would alike fail us in an examination of the identity of Goliath—from whom the minstrels took their favourite designation of Goliardi—as well as in attempting to prove the plurality of authors. It will at once be seen that in "The Confession of Goliath" occur some well-known verses, commonly attributed to Walter Mapes, and already Anglicised by Leigh Hunt. These poets delighted above all things in Spring, as witness the following brief extract:—

Vernal hours are sweet as clover,
With love's honey running over;
Every heart on this earth burning
Finds new birth with Spring's returning.

In the Spring-time blossoms flourish,
Fields drink moisture, Heaven's dews nourish;
Now the grief of maidens, after
Dark days, turns to love and laughter.

This will remind some of the opening passages of Queen Guinevere's Maying in "Mort d'Arthur." We would also draw attention to "Love Among the Maidens," "The Invitation to Love,"

"A-Maying," and, best of all, "Flora and Phyllis," which latter we wish had been given *in extenso*. We must also own to a wish that it had been possible to have the original Latin side by side with the translation; but where so much has been given it seems almost presumptuous to ask for more. We had almost forgotten to note the singular resemblance between parts of "To Lydia," and "Take, Oh Take Those Lips Away," quoted both in *Rollo and Measure for Measure*. Can Fletcher have known the Latin poem? Unfortunately the change of popular taste and opinion debars us from quoting some of the sweetest of these songs, but they are none the less delightful to the student; and the book is meant, not for the drawing-room, but the study—there it ought to receive an enthusiastic welcome.

It is seldom that we have met with a more unsatisfactory collection of verses than "Tuberose and Meadowsweet," by Mark André Raffalovich (Bogue); the most charitable conclusion is to suppose that the author is a very young man who, with advancing years, will come to be ashamed of the morbid—and at times salacious—nonsense which he has been ill-advised enough to submit to the public. The chief theme seems to be a wild desire for some lady's hair; possibly, as a business man, for commercial or manufacturing purposes. The savoury hero of one piece in the volume is none other than Piers Gaveston, and there is evidence of poverty of invention when "weighted" is made to do duty as a rhyme for "waited," or, as in "Sad September," the same line does double duty as second and fourth. But all pales before the following bewildering inquiry,

Is acnite to be my nightingale?

Frankly, we give it up—we do not see how a plant could become a bird!

"England and Egypt: The Latest Poetical Intelligence: a Tale," by "S. L." (Pickering), is a tedious attempt at a burlesque of the present political situation. An abortive effort has been made to throw it into dramatic form; the first part is in doggerel verse, the second in prose. The author threatens us with a continuation, but it may be hoped that he will think better of it.

In "Morley's Universal Library" (Routledge) we have that portentous argument in favour of royal authority, the "Leviathan" of Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury. As a literary curiosity a cheap edition of this work is welcome; it is a pity that the exigencies of space did not admit of a larger type.

A most amusing and interesting book is "Tales and Poems of South India, from the Tamil," by Edward Jewitt Robinson (T. Woolmer); it would have been even better had the author not tried to interweave a religious element with these clever heathen fables, but this drawback may be remedied by judicious skipping, and the book as a whole is both philologically interesting and diverting for the ordinary reader. We confess to not caring much about the poems, but they must have lost in translation, with the exception of those between pp. 271—308, which have quite a ring of Gay about them. But the fables are capital, and at times recall old favourites, e.g., "This Burden of Wood," the obvious original of "Death and the Woodcutter," and "Worse than a Demon," from which we may trace the multimorph romance best known as "The Marriage of Belphegor." Amongst other good tales we may note "Swallowing the Ocean," "A Jackal's Breakfast," and "Hobgoblins," but all are worth reading.

The latest volume of Walter Scott's handy little series, "The Canterbury Poets," is also the best as yet. It consists of "The Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell," and is edited by Mr. John Hogben, who has done his task excellently. His introductory essay is all that such a notice should be, giving such biographical details as legitimately come within its scope, together with a clever and judicious analysis of the poet's work, not erring on the side either of praise or dispraise, but giving Campbell that just position which, in spite of modern neglect, must ever be his in the eyes of all competent judges. The little volume is a good one, and handy for the pocket.

An author in the present day seems to be thought neglected unless he is represented by a birthday book, so it need cause no surprise to find one compiled from the writings of Mr. Edwin Arnold (Sampson Low). It is sufficient to say that the book, a labour of love on the part of the author's daughters, is tastefully produced. The illustrations might have been better.

A useful companion for performers at penny readings, especially those interested in the temperance cause, will be found in "Original Readings and Recitations, Pathetic and Humorous, in Prose and Verse," by W. A. Eaton (H. Vickers). It has reached a thirteenth edition, and is published at the low price of sixpence.

In spite of the redeeming features in the poem entitled "The Dead," "Moods and Memories," by William Maccall (W. Stewart), strikes us as being decidedly objectionable. Even greater poetic talents could not excuse such productions as "The Return of Pan," "The Christian Creed," or a line at page 56, which must shock every reverent mind, no matter of what shade of belief.

"Gathered Leaves," by "Enis" (Kegan Paul), mainly consists of a series of not particularly well-executed translations. "The Strike" has all François Coppée's weird, lurid force, notwithstanding a weak rendering and doubtful blank verse, whilst some of the others make us long for the originals. One of the prettiest is "The Elves," from the French of M. Lecomte de Lisle.

We can find but little to admire in "Murmurs and Melodies," by John Gregory (Simpkin, Marshall). "The Sabbatarian's Rebuke," which is a good, healthy protest, may be excepted for praise; but as a whole there is a morbid and weak element about the verses. Mr. Gregory appears to have been an enthusiastic admirer of the late George Odger.

THE LAND OF DREAMS

BETWEEN the darkness and the day
A charmed pathway lies,
A shadow, shining, mystic way
That leads to Paradise—
A way through sunlit meadows set
With primrose and with violet.

Through valleys where the daffodils
Bend low to every breeze,
Across the mists, across the hills,
Beyond the farthest seas,
Beyond the sunset's golden bars,
Beyond the silence of the stars.

There is the Land of Long Ago,
And there, the woods among,
The summer winds are soft and low,
The summer light is long,
And Love is lord of leafy ways
Through all the golden summer days.

Ah me! that happy land of dreams
I never more shall find;
The music of its woods and streams
Still haunts the wandering wind.
But care and memory ever wait
Flame-sworded by the golden gate.

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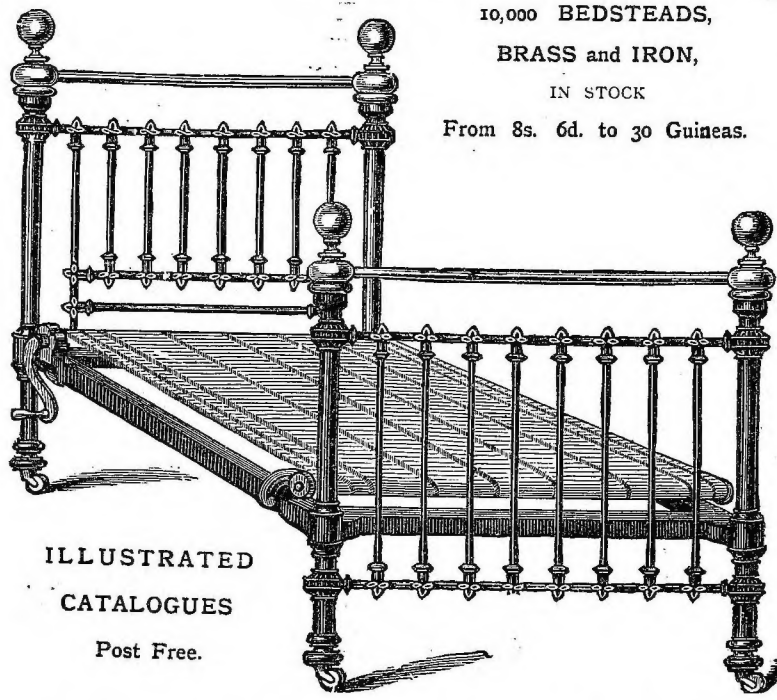
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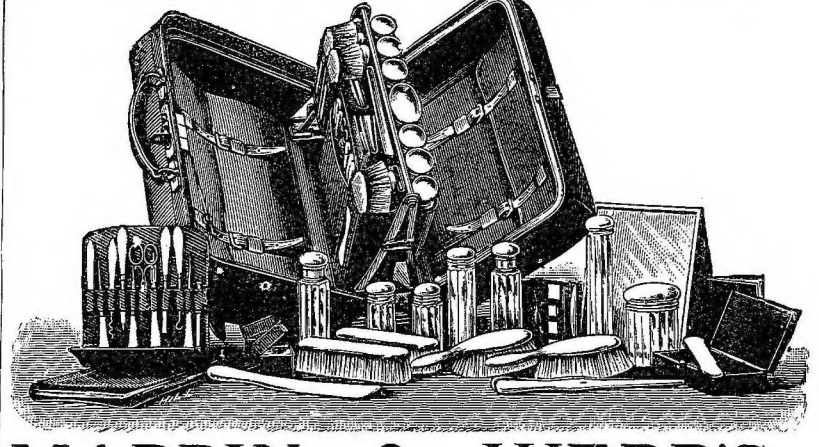
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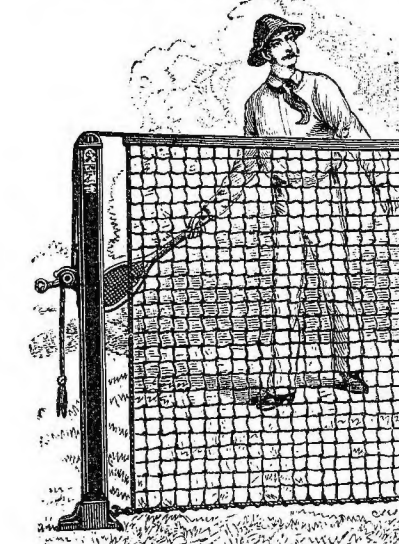
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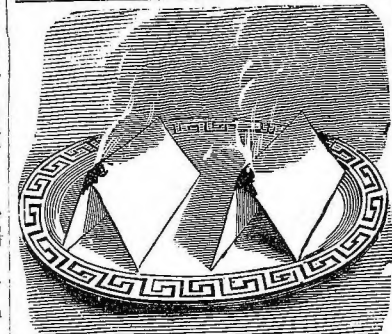
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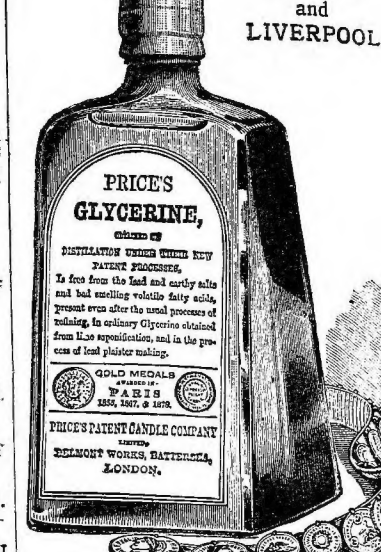
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CHARLES S. LOCH, Secretary.

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